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PART XXXIX.

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## LITERARY COOKERY.

THE definition of man as a "cooking animal" applies in more ways than one. It touches us as regards the food of the brain as well as that of the stomach. The noble art of preparing delicacies for the palate disdains to be confined to such coarser material as beef, vegetables, and grain; it extends its sway into the more ethereal regions of history, philosophy, and politics. The multitudinous dishes of a grand banquet might be rivalled in fertility of title, as they are in variety and ingenuity, by the *rotis*, the *petits plats*, and the *entre-mets* of the printing-house; and in place of the bald matter-of-fact headings which salute the eye on the library-shelves, we might read the more appetising designations of *Ericassées d'Histoire à la Macaulay*, *Ragoûts de Philosophie à la Whately*, and *Bouillon de Prophétie à la Cumming*.

The dissection of these dishes of fictitious history and philosophy has been at all times an agreeable pastime to the critic and controversialist; and when the subject is interesting, the critic tolerably lively, and the victim sufficiently guilty, the perusal of such criticisms forms very pretty reading. The wonder is, that with so much that is done in the way of "showing-up," the noble art of literary cooking still thrives with such undiminished vigour. Considering what has been written in the way of exposure, simple-minded people marvel to think that Luther is still thought a saint by thousands; that Catholicism should be counted idolatry, and the Jesuits a band of hypocritical assassins. The reason, however, is obvious; these irrefragable refutations are little read; and, when read, they are only half believed. Even in matters not theological few persons thoroughly trust the statements of a writer who takes the opposite view from themselves. Wonderful is our conviction of the truthfulness of

those who agree with us; and equally surprising is our suspiciousness of those who disagree. But when it comes to questions about religion, it positively requires a very serious effort of mind to acquiesce in the belief that an opponent is not more or less tricking us. It is hard to imagine that he tells the world what he really thinks; it is hard to conceive that he should be so profoundly ignorant as his published statement would seem to imply. *We* see that he is blundering violently; that he is overlooking the plainest facts, and misinterpreting the simplest actions. Is it possible, then, we say to ourselves, that there should be no dishonesty in all this? Is it credible that an educated man can live in this age of books, newspapers, and public lectures, and be so destitute of all knowledge of the true state of the case in the topics of which he treats? If he does not know it, he *ought* to know it; and he must *know* that he ought to know it; and as he clearly does not *do* what he knows he ought to do, *ergo*,—is not the syllogism perfect?—he is a scoundrel.

And but for the little qualification we have already hinted at, perhaps it would be perfect. Unfortunately, that qualification does exist. It is too true that all the wisdom, learning, wit, acuteness, and zeal of Catholic writers is thrown away on the vast bulk of anti-Catholics. They save themselves the trouble of thought by not reading what we have to say for ourselves. They hold it a sort of impudence in us to put in the plea of not guilty. They fancy they would be contaminated by reading our vindications. It is an eternal law of nature with them, that they are right in all things, and we are always wrong. Accordingly, for three hundred years have we been pursuing the same thankless task, scarcely laughed at for our pains, but quietly silenced by having our books either thrown into the fire, or classed with abominations that no reputable person would admit on his table.

Not that our labours go entirely for nothing, or that the fruit is so excessively small as to be hardly worth continuing. It is undeniable, that three centuries of learning and reasoning on the part of Catholic writers have told distinctly upon the mind of the civilised world. We are not now accounted the spiritual black-legs which we appeared in older times, in the eyes of a large number of Protestants. A good deal of the declamation poured out against us is all rant, not half believed by those who utter it, but used as a convenient means for conciliating the approval of the noodle multitude. Here in England we may rest assured that we hear the worst part of our fellow-countrymen's opinion of us. Nobody runs a risk of losing any thing he values by blackguarding a Ca-

tholic priest, or printing a volume of twaddle about the Scarlet Lady of Babylon. Courage is only required when a man wishes to praise the Crimean nuns, or to do justice to the labours of our priesthood at home.

Within the last few weeks, indeed, the English press has furnished a notable illustration of the truth of a remark we made ourselves not very long ago, to the effect that, with all their pretended belief in our superstition and laxity of morals, the world really *expects* us to be fully up to a very high mark in the way of devotion and honour. Thinking men do not believe a word of the popular rubbish about the idolatry of papists and the immoralities of the confessional; and when we do not happen to come personally across their path, their sense of justice is disgusted when we are made the victims of our adherence to principles, which they pretend to believe we never regard. This illustration is to be found in the tone in which the assassination of the Archbishop of Paris has been received by the English press. Allowing for a certain amount of nonsense about the Immaculate Conception, and so forth, as a whole, the popular expression of indignation at the crime has been that which would naturally arise in minds which regarded the Archbishop as a devout Christian bishop, and the French clergy generally as the laborious and pure-minded pastors of the flock of Jesus Christ. If the thinking part of the English nation *really* regarded Catholicism as such a degrading superstition as the popular controversial books of the day would prove it, is it possible that the murder of the Archbishop should have elicited such an honest and general horror? The crime would have sunk to the level of a common every-day murder, naturally to be expected in a communion whose casuistry habitually taught lying, theft, and impurity. The peculiar blackness of the atrocity is at once recognised in the fact that its victim was *a Christian priest*.

To return, however, to our immediate subject. There is one circumstance in the mode in which our vindications of Catholicism are received, which can hardly be too often recurred to, as suggesting matter for serious thought. The popular mind, with all its want of perfect belief in our wickedness, is impressed with a doubt of our controversial sincerity which tells lamentably against a fair reception of our arguments. What blunders, what faults, what falsehoods have combined to create this common idea among our adversaries, we are not now inquiring. That it exists, and that it operates most injuriously, is unhappily only too manifest. We labour under the terrible disadvantage of coming into



court with a stain upon our character as honest men. That it is wholly undeserved—nay, that our judges are far more liable than we are to the charge brought against us—matters nothing. When Protestants read our books, they are not employed in judging themselves; they are criticising us; they want to know what we can say for ourselves, not what we can say against them. If need be, they will give up a great deal of their own positive claims, on the ground that they make no such pretensions to exclusive orthodoxy and divinely-taught morals as we do. We may damage them as much as we like, and yet not advance our own cause a step. The only result is, an increase in their universal indifference to all religious doctrines, and a comfortable acquiescence in the theory that one sect is as good as another, because, in truth, all are equally bad.

We gain nothing, therefore, except in a few instances, by our brilliant sarcasms against the absurdities and inconsistencies of Protestants. The exposure of the trash palmed upon the public as theology and history does not substitute any thing better in the convictions of the day. When we are witty at the expense of “Apocalyptic sketchers,” and the “pious” tea-tables of Clapham, men of solid character join with us in the joke, and conclude—what?—that Catholicism is perhaps true?—no; but that Exeter Hall is a sort of low ecclesiastical playhouse, and that we Papists have a quick eye for the fooleries of our opponents. They are very much amused at seeing the humbug of Protestants exposed, even by us; but as for getting at the truth about Popery from Popish polemics, they are not *quite* so simple as that, we may believe them.

It is plain, then, that one of our first efforts in the present position of Catholicism in this country ought to be directed towards disabusing the minds of reflecting and honest people from this fatal persuasion. By some means or other we *must* overcome this deep-seated belief in our want of perfect openness. It is of no use to stand upon our rights, to wrap ourselves in our own virtue and defy the shafts of calumny. It is of no use to retaliate, even with the most destructive weapons. We don't want to prove Protestants rogues, so much as to force them to see that we Catholics are neither cowards nor tricksters. We have to compel them to admit that we possess our full share of those two virtues, which are peculiarly estimable in the Englishman's judgment, namely, courage and truth-telling. Whatever be the special faults of the British nation, whether connected with its Protestantism or not, it is impossible to deny it as large a claim to these two merits



as can be conceded to any people in the world. We call them virtues, or merits, without at all pretending to invest them with any religious excellence. They may be mere natural virtues; but they are virtues still. And the candid observer, however strong his hatred of Protestantism, cannot count over the rest of the nations of the world without admitting that *nowhere* do we find the middle and upper classes more disposed to tell the truth, and to fear no adversary, than they are in England. "O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil," is the motto of every man who aspires to be not only a gentleman, but a reputable person, in this kingdom. These were our characteristics long before the "Reformation" swept over the face of the country; and they have remained so, notwithstanding all the blighting influences of that miserable disaster. Go where you will, nowhere are those opprobrious terms, a "liar" and a "coward," accounted more damning to a man's name than amongst us; and there are not many nations where they are *so* fatal to all influence and position in society.

Now, most unhappily, the national mind has become saturated with a feeling, varying from a positive conviction to a vague suspicion, that we Catholics are, in matters of religion, neither honest nor courageous. Persons who would never think of imputing to us personal cowardice in the field of battle, and who trust our word in society and in business without a doubt, believe us capable of the most culpable dissimulation and the most slavish timidity the moment we enter on the subject of religious belief. Of course they do not generally pretend to harmonise this view of our theological delinquencies with their confidence in our social virtues. That, they would say, is not their business; or if they do attempt it, they have a ready solution of the anomaly, by maintaining that our private morals are upright *in spite of* the tortuousness of our casuistry. They affect to believe that when we talk or write on religion we are one and all under the influence of a certain mysterious abstraction, called priestcraft, or jesuitry, or Papal dictation, or some one of those shadowy monsters so easily invoked, and so hard to catch and destroy.

Such being the case, is it not well worth our while to re-examine the tone and statements of such portions of our Catholic controversial literature as are of an historical or scientific character? As the times change, and the circle of our readers and critics enlarges, does not common prudence and our duty to our faith command us to go through our armory, and see what weapons are obsolete, what are rusty, and what require adaptations and modifications suitable to

the exigencies of the day? Is it not very possible that these old-fashioned pieces of artillery are more likely to burst and injure ourselves than to do good execution upon the foe? and that here and there we may find defences constructed after the true Chinese model, and made to look as if bristling with guns of tremendous calibre, while, after all, they are nothing more formidable than wood and canvas and paint?

This prudent foresight is rendered still more necessary by the extraordinary advances which have been now for some time in progress both in physical science and in the study of history. These advances, in some instances, have told wonderfully in our favour, more especially in the destruction of vulgar prejudices in matters of history and biography. In other cases the present position of modern investigation is unfavourable to us rather than otherwise; fresh difficulties have been urged, or pretended, to which replies have to be found for which our forefathers were little prepared. Still, whatever the tendencies of modern research, the broad important fact remains, that the mind of the nation is calling for *truth*, historic and scientific, more loudly—and, we hope, more sincerely—than at any period during the last three centuries. For us, therefore, to hang back, timidly, ignorantly, or craftily, and to refuse to respond to this universal cry, would be a conduct absolutely suicidal. It would be madness to attempt to silence this startling voice by any replies which will not bear the most searching examination. Not only will mere plausible theories be worthless, but half-truths will be worthless. We have to encounter a belief that we are not only crafty and false, but actually afraid of the truth's being known. And this belief is to be vanquished, not by a mere denial of its justice, not by taunts, not by braggadocio, but by proving our courage by our acts. The world does not want to hear us proclaiming the honesty of our conviction that the course of history and the deductions of science are in harmony with our religion. It says, If your creed is not contradicted by the events of the past, show us that you think so, by being yourselves foremost in telling *the whole* truth about yourselves and about your enemies. If, it adds, your creed is true, it cannot be otherwise than confirmed by a knowledge of the past as it really was. When, then, you let us see by your fearless statements of the whole truth that these assertions are not mere rhetorical bravado, we will believe in your sincerity, and pay a more serious attention to your reasonings.

An additional consideration, again, suggests itself at this point of our argument. We Catholic writers do not always,



at least apparently, bear in mind that we come into court, not as advocates, but as judges. The question between the Church and the world is not one of plaintiff and defendant, in which mutual recrimination and self-laudation is the order of the day, when each party retains his counsel to cover over his weak points and to damage his opponent, while a judge sits supreme to decide between the contradictory statements. No doubt in many instances the great controversy assumes the dimensions of a mere war between adversaries. The controversialist has often nothing to do but expose the falsehoods of his adversaries, and to make up the best practicable case for himself, leaving his antagonist to discover his vulnerable points if he can. But, taken as a whole, our claim is to be heard as a judge; as one who can sum up the arguments on each side, separate reasonings from fallacies, and simple facts from *ad-captandum* exaggerations; and then, laying down what is the eternal law of truth and justice, decide without appeal. In our contest with heresy and unbelief we admit the rights of no tribunal. We profess to claim the obedience of mankind; and, making such a claim, we cannot escape the duty of the judge, or unite in ourselves the privileges of the advocate with the authority of the judgment-seat.

And Protestantism knows this truth too well to allow us to escape from its application. It hears our claims, and it understands their nature sufficiently to see that they involve a responsibility on our part, which can be fastened upon no single detached division of Protestantism. It comprehends, too, that it is in the absence of this responsibility on the side of Protestantism that its great controversial strength is to be found. The tactics of the old Parthian horsemen are the natural tactics of Protestants. They discharge their darts as they fly. Crush the pretences of any sect by the records of history, the language of Scripture, or the dictates of common sense, and what have you gained that is positive and lasting? Nothing. The clever Protestant can at an hour's notice produce some fresh modification of his theory which at first sight will elude all these difficulties. Expose him again and again; when at last he has come to the end of his ingenuities, he boldly avows that his creed does not profess to solve such problems; that they are no difficulties to him; that it is for us, who claim for our Church an exact, absolute identity with the Apostolic foundation, an unbroken historic life from the first ages of the Gospel, and an infallible truth for our doctrines as coming from the same God who made that universe which science delights to study,—it is for us, he says, to meet every fact, to grasp every difficulty, and to explain



every phenomenon in the moral, the metaphysical, and the material worlds.

Nor is it any valid *answer* to the criticisms we are venturing to offer on certain deficiencies in the conduct of our troops, to allege that the unfairness and grossness of our adversaries' attacks are such, that no man who is less than a saint can avoid retaliating in kind. This unfairness and grossness is certainly often absolutely monstrous; and we know quite enough of the proverbial susceptibility of controversialists to sympathise with those who are stung to the quick by such imputations. Still the question is not, what may be said in our excuse, but what are the obligations laid upon us by our vast and exclusive claims. The violence and insolence of a counsel in a court of justice can never exonerate the presiding judge from the duty of stating the whole facts of the evidence as brought before him. It may be hard, indeed, to retain his judicial impartiality and equanimity, but it is his bounden duty to do it; and unless he does it, the weight of his summing-up, his charge to the jury, goes for absolutely nothing in the eyes of a discriminating man.

We need, of course, hardly remind the reader, that in offering these suggestions we are speaking only of defects which are *sometimes* to be observed. We admit no such accusation as attaching to universal Catholic controversy. Not only would any such accusation be extravagant and untrue, but it would be silly to urge it as in any way applying to a considerable portion of our polemics. In much that we write and say, our professed and distinct object is only to state the case against our adversaries. We are often attempting nothing more than to pick to pieces the claims of a pretender; to strip the daw of its borrowed plumes, and point out the rightful owner of its stolen beauties; or to show the inevitable tendencies of theories, plausible before they are investigated, but as frightful in their results as they are shallow in their reasonings. Our only complaint is, that in instances in which we actually profess to state the real facts of the case, and to furnish such ample solution of a difficulty as ought to satisfy every candid mind, we *sometimes* see the Catholic cause seriously compromised by a timid, time-serving, rhetorical treatment of questions of deep interest. Agitated and eager as is the mind of the age, it is with no little disquietude that we observe the occasional shirking of difficulties, the cooking of figures, and the adoption in general of that system of coddling history, philosophy, and science, which is at all times useless enough, and in the present condition of England is fraught with peril to the holiest of causes. When a man

is forced to speak or write against his will, whether he has mastered his subject or not, of course no blame attaches to him if he puts the best face he can on the matter, and glosses over an ugly spot, in the hope that when thus hastily white-washed it will escape detection by his tormentors. But in the professed historian or philosopher, in the controversialist who voluntarily steps forward to calm the distress of his friends by a thorough and unanswerable reply to their enemies, the case is totally different. Here we cannot but think that wisdom dictates one of two courses only; either silence, or a perfect refutation. A defective solution of a difficulty leaves that difficulty practically more mischievous than before. If nothing at all is said, perhaps some are distressed, and the cause of wrong gains a step; but if a sham reply is put forward, the shallow and the ignorant may applaud, and gossips chatter with eager delight; but no thinking man is satisfied; and in the almost inevitable exposure of our advocate's personal weakness, the looker-on is finally convinced that he perceives the weakness of the cause he attempts to defend.

Before proceeding to give instances of this unsatisfactory treatment of important subjects, we must, in justice to our own side, call attention to one remarkable difference which exists between Catholic and Protestant controversialists, taken as a body. Whatever be our occasional defects, it cannot, we think, be fairly doubted that we are free from that astounding recklessness of misstatement of the opinions and arguments of our adversaries which is so grievous a blot on the polemics of Protestantism. We do not pretend that every Catholic controversialist thoroughly understands the position of individual Protestants; that he invariably treats them with the largest charity; or that he never makes overstatements against them and in his own favour. We would allow even the existence of a few cases of extreme severity and rashness of statement on our own side. But we do maintain, that when contrasted with the marvellous Protestant misrepresentations of Catholic dogma and practice, the savage and irreverent onslaughts on all we hold most dear, the obstinate refusal to allow us to be heard in our own defence, coupled with the almost universal practice of assailing us without any conscientious examination of our books,—contrasted, we say, with these glaring misdemeanours, of some one of which nearly all Protestant controversialists are guilty, the body of Catholic controversy is honesty, candour, learning, and charity itself. Anti-Catholic writings abound in misstatements of the commonest matters of fact; and that



on subjects which the writers were bound to study thoroughly before commencing their work. They display an ignorance of history and of religious doctrine which cannot be paralleled amongst us by the most extreme exaggeration of our actual faults. We, on the other hand, err by omissions far more than by false representations; we seldom attack any thing among Protestants without making some honest efforts to comprehend them, and to allow them to explain themselves to the utmost. Where we fail, it is more by an injudicious management of our own case than by scandalous attacks upon them. We may not always hit upon the wisest plan for converting them to our own views, but it is seldom that our conduct fails to give proof of our deep sense of our responsibility. If we are liable to correction from a human point of view, we are not often liable to that far heavier censure which proceeds from a higher judgment-seat than that of man.

We have now to give a few specimens of the deficiencies we have occasionally noticed in our own writers. The most learned, extensive, and popular of recent histories of the Church is that of Rohrbacher. Its merits are great; to deny them would be simply ridiculous. But it has a fatal tendency to shirk the discussion of any historical event which may be supposed to be a difficulty in the way of thoughtful Catholics. Rohrbacher's idea of historical accuracy is, to lay so thick a coat of whitewash on the personal characters of *all* Popes, that their actual characters disappear, and the simple-minded student begins to wonder where on earth the records of the evil lives of some few of them could have sprung from. Go to his pages for a complete treatment of the actual difficulties of any question, and you will run a chance of coming away as hungry as you went. Take, for instance, the story of Savonarola, a man whom some, nay many, even now venerate as a saint; and whose history is unquestionably a "difficulty" to the Catholic thinker. The whole thing is dismissed by Rohrbacher with the most off-hand coolness imaginable. Savonarola is quietly tossed overboard as an evident scoundrel, hardly worth treating of; and Alexander Borgia comes out freshened up with such a coat of paint that scarcely a trace of his old physiognomy can be detected. Yet if ever there was a case in history which demanded a thorough and sifting treatment in a history of such high pretensions as Rohrbacher's, it is this history of the Dominican of Florence. The inaugurator of an astonishing reform in his own city; regarded during his lifetime with the profoundest veneration and the bitterest hatred; put to death by one Pope on the ground of disobedience to the Holy See, to mention no other



imputations; soon afterwards admitted by another Pope in a picture in the Vatican among the doctors of the Church; and venerated as a saint by such persons as St. Philip Neri and St. Catharine of Ricci,—Savonarola has always been, and is to this day, the object of the most contradictory feelings on the part of Catholics, and a ready source for invectives against the Church on the part of her opponents. The Catholic reader, puzzled with these singular apparent anomalies, turns to the most celebrated of modern church-histories, in hopes of finding such an explanation of the story as shall satisfy him, as a good Catholic, and enable him to answer the taunts of Protestants. And all he finds is a hasty huddling up of the real difficulties, concealed under violent exaggerations; while no attempt is made to give that real solution which can be supplied, both in this and all similar instances. This is what we call “cooking” the history of the Church.

We find some striking specimens of these feeble methods of meeting objections in a defence of the social and political condition of Italy lately published in this country. We do not mention its exact title and authorship, as our object is to illustrate our own meaning rather than to censure the works of individual writers. It is enough to say that the author of the defence we allude to is evidently a person of great skill as a controversialist, and perfectly familiar with the subject on which he treats. And it is this very evident mastery, both of the weapons of warfare and the topics in hand, which makes his mode of defence so injurious to the cause which he espouses. Were he a dull or an ignorant scribbler, nobody would suspect that the weakness of his reasonings arose from the weakness of his cause. But recognising his capacity, and perceiving how closely he has studied his thesis, the reader, if a Catholic, is proportionately disappointed at the extraordinary character of his statements; and if a Protestant, is more convinced than ever that a case thus defended is utterly unsusceptible of any valid defence whatsoever.

From this clever essay, then, we select two specimens of self-destructive fallacies. The first is, the fallacy of overstatement and exaggeration; a fallacy into which the adoption of the *tu-quoque* argument often leads. The writer in question is annoyed—and what Catholic is not?—at the greediness and gusto with which the Protestant press seize upon the delinquencies of a Catholic sovereign, while they wink hard at the equally odious offences of Protestant rulers. Accordingly, he takes in hand the King of Naples, whom he defends by pretending that the treatment of Smith O’Brien by the British Government is a parallel to the atrocities perpe-

trated under the authority of that weak, however well-meaning, Bourbon. But what a ludicrous exaggeration and perversion of the truth is involved in such a retort! Of all instances of severity and cruelty, to select the history of Mr. Smith O'Brien as a proof that England is as bad as Naples! Why there is not a nation on the whole earth, save England, which would not have hung him up within one week of his capture;—a man who had the incredible audacity to go openly to the revolutionary government of France, and offer to raise a rebellion in Ireland, for the benefit of France, against his own sovereign. And yet this man was simply sent out of the country, treated almost as a gentleman, and is now let loose again in the heart of Ireland itself. Pius IX. is the most lenient and forgiving of monarchs; but we doubt whether even he could have ventured to save the neck of any Roman Smith O'Brien from the gallows. The unreality and hollowness of such a *tu quoque* does serious harm. People simply laugh at what we say; and reply that we not only are talking nonsense, but, what is worse, that we know that we are talking nonsense, and trying to palm off the rhetoric of the hustings for the sober deductions of historical investigation.

Another, and a far more serious fault in this defence of Italy, is its manner of meeting the common attacks upon her population on the ground of two of the worst of sins; namely, murder and unchastity. A more unhappy proof of the dangers of what we may call the fallacy of omission we cannot call to mind. We all know how eager are Protestant Englishmen to charge the social life of Italy with being deeply stained by these two enormities. It is one of the most telling and most frequently repeated accusations made against the Italian nations, while the whole blame of their supposed guilt is laid at the door of the Catholic Church. We who are Catholics know well how wicked and monstrous is the imputation; we know that our morals are far more stringent on these two crimes than are those of Protestantism. But we are none the more satisfied to see a frightful charge against Italian society met—how?—by taking no notice whatsoever of it! In the midst of a professed and elaborate vindication of its character, strengthened by careful and exact statistics on many points, and accompanied by an admission of the prevalence of the lower crime of brigandage, and a clever explanation of its popularity,—in all this we find, on *the* terrible charge, a profound silence. We cannot express the grief we feel at witnessing such a treatment of so momentous a subject. Yet, not three years ago, these very topics were made one of the chief *chevaux-de-bataille* of an elaborate book on the compa-

rative condition of Catholic and Protestant countries, by the most influential and clever representative of French Protestantism; we mean M. Napoleon Roussel. M. Roussel's work is, indeed, a scandalous misrepresentation of statistical tables, and a crafty selection of authorities, all on one side. Take, for instance, his contrast between Ireland and Scotland. He urges powerfully the details which tell in favour of Scotch morals; but on those which tell in favour of Irish,—for instance, on the subject of the purity of the female sex,—he is as profoundly silent as is the Catholic writer before us on the subject of Italian assassinations. His book is, in truth, a model to show us what, as conscientious men who aim at the whole truth, we ought not to do. We only allude to it as showing the imperative necessity under which Catholics lie, when they treat the subject at all, to treat it in all its bearings; lest by sham answers and a shirking selection of one-sided figures, they scandalise their brethren in the faith and sharpen the weapons of their foes. Here are popular writers like M. Roussel, culling from the reports of crimes all those figures which go against us, and omitting what go for us; and the only reply that the anxious Catholic can find is a total silence. We entreat our Catholic historians and statesmen to ponder well on the peril of allowing such figures as the following to remain without a *bonâ-fide* complete explanation. Either let them be shown to be erroneous, or let them be accounted for by arguments which do not create a suspicion of our own truthfulness and courage; or let us hold our tongues altogether. What other course can be prudent when we read these statistics, taken from the work of M. Moreau de Jonnès?

Assassinations, including attempts at assassination, in eight principal nations of Europe :

Scotland gives 1 to every 270,000 of the population.				
England	„	1	„	178,000
Low-Countries	1	„	163,000	„
Prussia	„	1	„	100,000
Austria	„	1	„	57,000
Spain	„	1	„	4,113
Naples	„	1	„	2,750
Roman States	1	„	750	„

On these figures M. Roussel remarks that the four first are Protestant nations, which is not strictly true, the Low-Countries being half Catholic; and the four last Catholic: and striking an average, he declares that there is eleven times as much of the crime of assassination, allowing for the differences of population, in the Catholic countries as there is in the Protestant.



In reproducing these figures, though we are not expressly engaged in treating the subject, we feel it our duty briefly to suggest their explanation, which we believe to be as follows: In the first place, the crime of assassination is confessedly a crime to which the people of hot countries are far more prone than the people of the colder north. Now all the four Protestant countries placed at the top of the list are cold; in fact, their own variations in the crime exactly follow their range on the thermometer. In the second place, assassination is a crime which is as inevitably excited by a despotic form of government as it is by the burning rays of the sun. Not only is it frequently the direct result of a harsh treatment of the individual subject, but it is a natural consequence of that habitual shutting-up of the opinions and emotions of the soul which a despotic government enforces on its people. Even supposing M. Roussel has not to some extent "cooked" his figures, we hold these explanations sufficient fully to account for the greater prevalence of bloody assaults in the four nations he has cunningly selected as types of Catholicism. The prevalence of this or that special vice in different nations proves, we are convinced, far less than is commonly supposed on either side in the Catholic and Protestant controversy. The average morals of different kingdoms, taken as a whole, do not vary to any thing like the extent which it is the fashion to pretend; nor, in the many varieties which vice assumes, is the blame to be laid upon the dominant creed nearly so exclusively as it is sometimes convenient to allege. But however this may be, we recognise in the tendency of certain nations to crimes of violence and revenge only the effects of climate and political circumstances. The Church has no power absolutely to eradicate sin; and even when armed with temporal authority, as in the Papal States, she is no more responsible for a popular taste for assassination than is the Protestantism of England for Irish agrarian crime. In both cases the crime is fostered by social and political causes; and in neither do we believe that religion has any thing to do with the matter. Whether, however, our explanation is sufficient or no, we submit that it is the worst possible policy to profess to meet the popular outcry against Italian morals as resulting from the influence of Catholicism, without even a hint that the most serious portions of the accusation can be disproved.

We turn, however, to another case in which one of these unfortunate specimens of suicidal defence has been recently presented, on a kindred subject, to the House of Commons itself. It is a very common habit with Protestants to lay all the faults, real or imaginary, of the Pontifical government, to

the incapacity of ecclesiastics for managing secular affairs. Having no great esteem for the practical wisdom of their own clergy, it is but natural that they should view the capacities of the Catholic clergy with still more ineffable contempt. By way of meeting this attack, a short time ago a Catholic member of Parliament, whom, as our object is illustration rather than criticism, we do not name, delivered a speech, in which he gave the comparative numbers of laymen and clerks employed in the different departments of the Papal States, with the whole amount of the salaries paid to the two classes. He stated that whereas there are 289 ecclesiastics employed, there are as many as 6836 laymen; and that the united salaries of the former amount to 124,256 dollars, of the latter to 1,491,389 dollars.

Nevertheless it is evident that, as an argument, these figures are worth just nothing at all. So far as they prove any thing, they prove the very charge which they are meant to disprove, and furnish a pregnant illustration of the dangerous character of that sham treatment of historical truths which we are deploring. Who ever imagined that the *numerical* difference between the lay and clerical *employés* in the Papal States was not in favour of the laymen? Who ever suggested the comical notion that cardinals, bishops, and priests did all the inferior work of the underlings in the public offices? Who would look for ecclesiastics in custom-house and police officers, among tide-waiters and petty tax-gatherers? The question is, who are the *governing* body in the States? Who hold the high, the influential, the lucrative posts? Are these, as a class, held by churchmen or laymen? Undoubtedly, as a whole, they are held by churchmen. Of course they are far fewer in number than the inferior offices; but they are those which constitute their holders the real rulers and administrators of the nation. The very figures before us show that the average salary of the ecclesiastical officials is at least double that of the laymen; and when we consider that the ecclesiastics, being unmarried, have far less need of good incomes than the laity, the difference between the character of the places held by the two classes becomes still more striking. Here is the fact to be admitted, and defended by speakers like the hon. member to whom we refer. As to his array of figures, they are nothing worth. You might as reasonably allege that England is not practically administered by the gentry and aristocracy, because dukes do not sort letters at the General Post-Office, the Custom-House floors are not scrubbed by countesses, and princes of the blood are not employed as copying-clerks at the Horse



Guards. The fact is, the Papal States are administered almost exclusively by ecclesiastics. What then? If you do not think this is a good thing, say nothing. If you do, then stand up like a man, and defend it.

Surely there is something to be said for the administrative and statesmanlike qualities of an order of men that counts in its ranks a Ximenes, a Richelieu, a Mazarin, a Wolsey, and a Consalvi. Take the present Pope; as a mere king, surely he is not a nobody, a Bourbon, a German duke, with a soul devoted to court uniforms and theatricals. Or the present conclave and the Roman prelacy; are they all such helpless red-tapists, that the only way to defend their acts is to shove them into a corner, and then thrust forward a crowd of anonymous laymen to bear the blame of the blunders of the witless ecclesiastics? Or if the subject requires proofs from quarters nearer home, surely the one English cardinal of the present day possesses qualifications which sundry individuals of our secular government might well envy. We do not see in the oratorical powers and the versatility of acquirement of our lay statesmen in general, when compared with the proofs of what he can do which Cardinal Wiseman has given to the world, any token that the cardinalate is inconsistent with those very faculties and that very training on which a large section of secular statesmen rely for their popularity.\* At any rate, whatever be the merits of the case, let us not fill our pages with heaps of statistics, or bewilder the reader with interminable details on all points except those which really answer an opponent's accusations. The only result of such a proceeding will be, that on reflection he will perceive that while his memory has been loaded with a quantity of superfluous, even though interesting, statements, his understanding has been made the sport of a rhetorical legerdemain.

The necessity which exists for extreme wariness in treating on scientific subjects without being master of the latest discoveries of scientific men, may be illustrated by a remarkable instance from one of the very ablest of modern Catholic writers. Few books stand so high on the list of great works as the *Etudes Philosophiques* of M. Nicolas, the French jurist; and, what is more, few writers of renown have so just a title

\* As we have mentioned Card. Wiseman's name, we cannot help asking whether the present condition of the book-market would not justify a new and revised edition of his able *Lectures on Science and Revealed Religion*. It is now very many years since these lectures were written, during which period science has advanced with strides as daring as they have been rapid; and we cannot but think that if his Eminence could find leisure to prepare a new edition, including a thorough investigation into the bearings of recent scientific studies, not only would the labour be repaid speaking commercially, but a very valuable book would be the result.



to their fame as this accomplished and profound writer. Yet this very treatise handles the deductions of the science of geology in a way that makes the real geologist smile; not at M. Nicolas's reasonings, and not at his opinions, but at his ignorance of what geological discoveries actually are. In his chapter on Moses, M. Nicolas argues, by superannuated quotations from Cuvier, that the order in which organic remains appear in the strata of the earth corresponds exactly with the order of creation as described in the book of Genesis; that the lowest stratum in which fossils are found contains vegetable remains only, showing that there was a great day or epoch in which vegetables were the only organised substances; that to this stratum succeeds another, in which only fishes and reptiles are found with the vegetables; thirdly, a new series of strata, containing the remains of mammals; and lastly, only in quite recent beds, the bones of men. Now unfortunately much of this has for some time been proved to be hopelessly erroneous. Many fossil-bearing strata have been discovered beneath the pretended lowest stratum of Cuvier, *in all of which animal remains are found*; the lower forms of marine animals affording the earliest fossils with which we are acquainted.

Another of these defective proofs is that of the truth of the deluge from the erratic blocks or boulders of immense size, so often found at great distances from the rocks whence they were detached. Now nothing is better proved in all geology than that these blocks were carried and deposited in their present position by the agency of ice, which in one geological epoch seems to have occupied a vast area of Europe. It is therefore perfectly futile to offer them to the adept in the science of the nineteenth century as a proof of the Noachic deluge. We do not of course blame M. Nicolas's intentions; he undertook a mighty task, no less than the examination of the connection of revelation with all philosophy and science; and wonderfully well has he performed it. But he does not pretend to any personal authority in matters of science: he follows certain writers, whom he quotes honestly enough; and refers, for the truth of his positions, to M. Nérée Boubée, and the rest whom he names in his notes. The practical result is, however, unfortunate. As scientific errors, his reproduction of obsolete opinions would have been morally harmless; but as emanating from a writer who is assumed by the general reader to have access to the very best sources of information, they tend to produce those feelings of suspiciousness and general want of confidence which it is the grand aim of his book to destroy.

We refer to this particular case, partly because M. Nicolas's statements on the attitude of modern science towards revelation have been pointedly endorsed by an accomplished English Catholic writer within a very few years; and partly also because we have witnessed an instance of the mischief which has been wrought by this very chapter on the Mosaic history. We have seen a person who had read it, and who had become quite elated with the *demonstratio evangelica* which it appeared to give, plunge with a bland confidence into the study of modern science, and recoil with most bitter disappointment from the reality that was exposed to his horrified intelligence. We cannot conceive any trial of faith more sore than this; that a young man should be sent out into the world of science, not forearmed by being forewarned of its difficulties, but stupefied with the opiate persuasion that no such difficulties exist. Imagine, we say, such a course to be pursued in dogmatic religious studies. Fancy a Catholic youth introduced into the Protestant world with the notion that all its sects had but one end in view, to prove the truth of the Catholic Church; that Whately, and Cumming, and Sumner, and Carlyle, and Maurice, were all of them in their measure helping to build up the proofs of the Pope's authority; and that the objections against Catholic doctrines which he might hear would be such transparent absurdities that they would never distress him for a moment. What an easy prey would that youth probably become to the first sophist who encountered him! But no Catholic teacher has ever acted on this principle in matters of religion. Why, then, should we adopt a principle in the outworks and ornaments of religion, which for its substance we repudiate? We dare not try to build up faith by false miracles or by false prophecies. Why, then, attempt to do so by false concordances of science and revelation? The truth will come out in God's good time; patience is better than a premature attempt to reconcile apparent contradictions.

Doubtless every Christian must believe that at last, after it has run through its appointed changes, science will confirm revelation; he may also hope that this good time is approaching, and may find a high enjoyment in labouring to reconcile the apparent contradictions of the two. No Christian can believe that any doctrine is absolutely and scientifically true, which really contradicts a truth; consequently he will retain his conviction that in the end what now seems scientific but anti-Christian truth will be proved by advancing science herself to be nothing but the error of immature knowledge. But for all that, he wounds religion herself with a grievous



wound when he broadly alleges that the aspect of the science of this day tends strikingly to coincide with this his own firm conviction. To do this argues on his part either untruthfulness or ignorance, or a certain vehemence of enthusiasm which unfits him for dispassionate inquiry.

With one more consideration we close our present remarks. In what we have been saying, we have specially referred to the obstacles to the progress of Catholicism which result from this maimed and short-sighted discussion of supposed difficulties. It would, however, be a far from complete view of the evils of the course objected to, if we supposed them to take effect only on those who are not Catholics. The harm that is done to Catholics themselves, especially the youthful, by the shirking and cooking system, is, we are persuaded, of the most formidable description. It is a grievous error to suppose that an honest man's opinions are practically shaken by the admission that something can be said against them. It argues an ignorance of human nature, to imagine that Catholics in general believe that Protestants have nothing in the world to say for themselves, and that no apparent difficulties exist on their own side. It is a superficial theory of metaphysics, which denies that uncultivated or dull minds do not feel and comprehend many things which they are totally unable to analyse, or to explain in clear language to others. Catholics of all ages and ranks, with few exceptions, are conscious that the proof of the truth of their religion is a "moral" proof, and not a "mathematical;" though they are as ignorant of the technical meaning of these two adjectives as an unborn child. They know, too, that a "moral" proof implies that something *can* be said on the opposite side; they understand in their own indistinct but decided fashion that a difficulty, though only an apparent difficulty, is a practical difficulty until satisfactorily explained. And being thus aware that the truth of Catholicism rests on moral proof, their faith is not shaken by the admission that this or that historical or scientific question is a difficulty, or even by perceiving that they themselves have personally no access to its complete solution. People in general are not so confident in their own abilities, or those of their immediate superiors, as to expect an instant answer to every objection which an enemy can urge. They are aware that the knowledge and capacity of the most learned and accomplished men are but limited. The proverb, that any fool can ask questions which it will require a very wise man to answer, finds a response in the judgment of all persons of moderate intelligence.

A Catholic's faith, accordingly, is not injured by the mere

circumstance of his coming across some plausible anti-Catholic theory, and still less by his recognising any amount of moral goodness and learning in those who are not Catholics. He is prepared for the existence of apparent enigmas, and his faith has never taught him that all men who are not Catholics are rogues or noodles. But he is scandalised when he sees his fellow-Catholics afraid of facts, afraid of science, afraid of history. His whole moral nature receives a shock when he learns that those who profess to understand a subject content themselves with silencing an opponent when they were bound to answer him; when he finds himself put off with phrases, plausibilities, or rhetorical exaggerations; when the anxious desires of his soul for an increase of light and strength are rudely snubbed, and in place of a reasonable argument he is treated to an angry rebuke. More especially at that time of life when the passions are strong, and the whole nature is eager for action and susceptible of impressions, is the downward course towards infidelity accelerated by any symptoms of cowardice or logical duplicity on the part of those to whom he has been wont to look for information or guidance. Wherever the evil shows itself, whether in conversation or publicly-spoken words, whether in books or newspapers, whether in layman or ecclesiastic, the mischief tells upon him with fearful power. A dreadful suspiciousness lodges itself in his mind, which henceforth clouds his perceptions, warps his reasonings, and leads him, it may be, to the most cruel injustice towards those who may have erred, but who erred with the best motives, and through a mistaken idea that an inquiring mind can be permanently satisfied by an apparent solution of an ugly difficulty. If the history of individual apostasies could be unveiled to the world, in many a one we should see that, however lamentable may have been the influence of previous moral deterioration, it has been frightfully strengthened, not so much by the arguments of unbelief, as by the unwillingness shown by individual Catholics to meet them face to face.

We are all of us, let it never be forgotten, influenced by the character and conduct of our contemporaries and personal acquaintances infinitely more than by the example or writing of those who have now passed away. The little daily acts of life, the casual observations of private conversation, tell upon us practically more than all the reasonings and all the virtues of those who are known to us only as people of another age. We must not, therefore, expect the world to argue the questions of the day on abstract theories, or by a grand view of the whole history of mankind in general. When Protestantism raises a difficulty, the ordinary Catholic is not



practically moved by the recollection of what *can be* said in reply, but by what *is* said. And the degree in which his opinion is determined by what is said, mainly rests upon his perception of the fearless honesty of the advocates on the Catholic side. So long as he can detect no sign of fear or shrinking from the whole truth in the persons to whom he looks for defence, so long does he feel his feet firm upon a rock from which no sophistry on the part of his adversaries can displace him. He wants no exhibitions of bravado; he wants no rhetorical retorts; he wants no displays of gladiatorial skill in the substitution of personalities for reasonings. So long as he perceives that those who ought to understand such questions, not only do not fear the whole truth, but rather court investigations and prosecute inquiries, so long is his mind at rest and his faith undisturbed, whatever be the excitement of his feelings, or the unpleasantness of the facts he is compelled to admit. Then only is his judgment agitated and his conscience distressed, when he sees us try to trample out the sparks of scientific light, through fear lest they should make the blaze of the sun of Revelation grow pale; or dress up the muse of history with paint, patches, and hair-powder, till she looks like a demirep of the court of Charles II. instead of a providentially-appointed instructress of mankind.

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#### THE CAPTURE AND DEATH OF DR. JOHN STOREY.

WE proceed this month to give an account of another martyr; one concerning whom Bishop Challoner is silent, perhaps through unwillingness to open the subject of the persecutions in Queen Mary's time. Disliking them as we do, we must yet remember that there was a great difference between upholding the ancient religion by the then established laws of Europe, and establishing a new religion, professing to be built on individual freedom of conscience, by the most ruthless persecution of all consciences that adhered to the old system; and moreover, that there is a vast interval between Storey's orderly administration of the law, and the vindictive and illegal treachery of Cecil, which we are about to expose. If the Donatists had revenged themselves on St. Augustine's Elizabeth's ministers revenged themselves on Storey, we doubt not that Protestants would have unanimously added the honours of a martyr to the confessorship and doctorate of the

Bishop of Hippo. Dr. John Storey, one of the most noted civilians and canonists of his age, first acquired the rudiments of his future profession in Henxey Hall, in St. Aldgate's, Oxford. He was admitted B.C.L. in 1531; in 1535 Henry VIII. appointed him to his new lectureship of civil law; in 1537 he became principal of Broadgates Hall, and moderator of one of the civil-law schools. In 1538 he proceeded in his faculty, and administered civil law under the Lord Marshal at the siege of Boulogne; in consideration whereof, the king renewed his former grant of the aforesaid lectureship for his life; and in 1546 joined Mr. Robert Weston—who afterwards married his daughter—with him. He was a member of the House of Commons in the first parliament of Edward VI.; and was imprisoned for saying in a speech there, "Woe unto thee, England, whose king is a child!" Having freed himself from prison by purging himself from his contempt on his knees in the House, he went abroad, and became a member of the new university of Louvain, where he remained till the king's death. On the accession of Mary he returned to England, and resumed his lectureship; but soon resigned it, in consequence of his being appointed chancellor of the diocese of London, an office which he was permitted to hold as a layman on account of the difficulty of the times. He had previously married a lady named Jane Watts. He was again returned to parliament; and shortly after, viz. in January 1555, appointed ecclesiastical commissioner, in conjunction with Sir Roger Cholmley and William Roper. Charges of unnecessary cruelty in discharge of the duties of this office have been brought against him, but without good grounds; for he was continually exclaiming against the impolicy as well as cruelty of putting to death a set of fanatical tinkers, tailors, and old women, while the nobility of that faction were allowed to go scot-free; and on one occasion he and Dr. Feckenham, Abbot of Westminster, went to the queen, against the wish of Bonner, and begged off the lives of twenty-eight poor wretches condemned to the flames. There can be no doubt, however, that his advice for the punishment of seven or eight of the principal of the puritanical faction, instead of the dozens of lesser note that suffered death, rendered him a peculiar subject of hatred and revenge to Elizabeth, Cecil, the Earl of Bedford, and the rest.

There is one letter of his preserved in the State-Paper Office, to the Earl of Devonshire; and as it is the only one we are able to find written in Mary's reign, and short withal, and contains matter interesting in itself, as showing the good prospect opened to this country, had not Almighty God, in



His inscrutable providence, shortened Mary's days, we present it to our readers.

“EMANUEL.

Although, my singular good lord, it be long sithence I have visited your honour with this my scraping hand, yet hath not my heart forgotten my bounden duty to pray for the preservation and prosperous estate of your good lordship, whom God hitherto hath proved with manifold travails, to the end that hereafter His mercy may use you to His glory and no small comfort of all Christian religion in this our native country; wherein although many things concerning spiritual and civil government be yet to be desired, yet is the same through the virtuous contemplation of the queen's majesty and of my lord cardinal\* his grace so much repaired, and by the prudent activity of my now lord chancellor† in the execution of justice so reduced into order, that if your lordship were present to behold how right ruling doth daily succeed in place of ruffling raging, your honour would conceive no less good hope of the extirpation of vice, and planting again of virtue, than we do here of your lordship to be no small instrument to that purpose when it shall please God to send you to us again; whereof I have thought it my duty to certify your honour, although it be notorious, knowing that your honour having ever denied the same, will now the more rejoice the more you do hear thereof. How other things doth stand, this bearer your diligent servant declare unto your honour, which God will increase to His glory. From London, this 23d February (1556). Your lordship's most bounden servant,

JOHN STOREY.”‡

On the death of Mary, the worst apprehensions of Dr. Storey were realised. The people, just beginning to settle down into order and obedience, were excited to such a degree by the fanatical preachers, commissioned for that purpose by the court, that even the mild and gentle Feckenham could not contain his indignation :§

“I shall desire your honours,” said he, in a speech in the House of Lords, “to consider the sudden mutation of the subjects of this realm since the death of good Queen Mary, only caused in them by the preachers of this new religion; where in Queen Mary's days your honours do know right well how the people of this realm did live in an order, and would not run before laws; . . . there was no spoiling of churches, pulling down of altars, and most blasphemous treading down the sacrament under their feet, and hanging up the knave of clubs in the place thereof; there [was] no scrinching and cutting off the face and legs of the crucifix, there was no open flesh-eating nor shambles keeping in the Lent and days prohibited. The subjects of this realm, and especially the nobility and such as were of the honourable council, did in Queen Mary's days know their way into

\* Card. Pole. † Heath, Archbp. of York. ‡ Domestic, Mary, vol. vii. art. 9.

§ Cottonian Vesp. D. 18, page 87; it was also printed, and may be found reprinted, in the first vol. of Lord Somers' Tracts, page 81.

churches and chapels, there begin their day's work with calling for help and grace by humble prayer and serving of God. But now since the coming reign of our sovereign lady Queen Elizabeth, by the only preachers and scaffold-players of this new religion, all things are changed and turned upside down; . . . obedience is gone, humility and meekness clean abolished, virtuous, chaste, and strait living abandoned, and all degrees and kinds desirous of fleshly and carnal liberty."

Storey was much more bold; for when he was reproached for having been an ecclesiastical commissioner in the first, or beardless,\* parliament of Elizabeth, "I see," said he, "nothing to be sorry for; but am rather sorry that I have done no more, and that I had not more earnestly given my advice to spare the little twigs and shoots, but to strike more boldly at the roots and great branches."† Such was the offence given by this courageous speech, that he was obliged to fly and hide himself; but was soon taken in the west country, disguised in a frieze coat like a serving-man; and being brought before the council, was by them committed to the Queen's Bench; from whence he was transferred to the Tower in 1560, together with Feckenham Abbot of Westminster, Watson Bishop of Lincoln, Cole Dean of St. Paul's, and Chedley Archdeacon of Middlesex.‡

Whilst his enemies were devising some legal way to put him to death, he contrived to make his escape; and after lying hid for some time in the houses of divers of his friends, landed again in safety in Belgium, and took up his quarters at Louvain. He was here tormented with many doubts whether he had done well to escape from a martyrdom to which he thought God had called him. He often talked this over with his wife and friends; and Father Saunders tells us he once consulted him, whether he ought not to go back and put himself in the power of his enemies. He told him not, for he was freed by the design of God; and could not count upon the grace of God, if without His evident wish he returned to England. He then wished to pass the remainder of his life in doing penance among the Carthusians of Louvain, but his wife would not agree to the proposition; he however spent as much time among them as he could. But his enemies at home were not idle; and the martyrdom which he so ardently desired,

\* It was composed principally of licentious young men. Sir Thos. White, in a speech in the House of Commons on the change of religion, said, "It was unjust that a religion begun in such a miraculous way, and established by most grave men, should be abolished by a set of beardless boys."

† This speech may be found in Holinshed, edition 1587, vol. ii. page 1180; and is alluded to in a short life of Dr. Storey by Father Saunders, in the seventh book of his work *De Visibili Monarchiâ*, fol. edit. 1571.

‡ Strype, Ann. Eliz. 149.



he was by the grace of God at length enabled to attain to. Elizabeth, Leicester, and Cecil, laid the following plot to entrap him. The King of Spain, and Duke of Alva, having appointed an office at Antwerp for the search of all English ships going into or coming out of that port, one William Parker,\* brother of the Archbishop, a wool-draper, a man well skilled in mercantile affairs, was largely bribed by the council to go to the Low Countries to the Duke of Alva, and professing himself a fugitive from England, and a convert to the Catholic faith, to solicit the office in question. The Duke, rejoicing beyond measure in having such a near relation to the chief spiritual heretic in England for a convert and refugee, and withal a man so skilled in mercantile affairs, gladly conferred on him the office he asked for. As soon as he was installed, he named as his assistant Dr. Storey, who was in great poverty, and had a wife and four young children to support, besides nephews and nieces—for two families of Storey were then living at Louvain. He considered it his duty to his family to accept the office, against the wish of his friends, who told him it was an odious one, and unworthy of him. Thus the first part of the plot was successful; the second we shall describe very briefly, as we shall lay letters from the principal performers of it before our readers which will more fully explain it. It seems that a certain John Mershe, one John Lee, and a man named Saltanstall, were agents for Cecil in the Low Countries. They, with Parker, and a certain Pigotte, laid a plan that a ship, sufficiently manned and armed for the purpose, should enter the port of Antwerp; and that Dr. Storey should be induced to visit it for prohibited goods, which were to be placed in her. This plan nearly failed, owing to the indiscretion of Pigotte, and the information of one of the sailors, who suspected the plot, and ran away, and afterwards told Parker to take care of himself, thinking he was the victim of, and not a partaker in, the conspiracy. However, three merchants trading to the Low Countries, viz. Roger Ramsden, Martin Bragge, and Simon Jewkes, allured by the bribes of the lords of the council, were found ready to undertake the dangerous enterprise which Pigotte had mismanaged. The plan was, that as soon as Dr. Storey and Parker should go under the hatches to search the cargo, the hatches were to be shut down, and the two conveyed to Eng-

\* So at least it is affirmed in a marginal note attached to one of William Parker's letters to Cecil, in the State-Paper Office, although Strype does not mention William as one of his brothers, probably as being a Popish lost sheep, as he (not knowing the plot) must have considered him. Many of the Archbishop's near relations were connected with the wool trade, according to Strype, and his father's name was William; it was therefore a family name and family trade.

land, all sail being set as quickly as possible; nobody knowing at the time the complicity of Parker but Mershe, who, under the English government, was chief conspirator. This was accordingly acted upon, and was perfectly successful. Dr. Storey was landed at Yarmouth (not Harwich, as Wood tells us) on the evening of August 14, 1570. The next day he sent the following letter to Cecil, dated 15th August 1570:

"In first proof that I am personally present in this the queen's majesty's town of Yarmouth, I am bold to scribble unto your honour these presents. The circumstances of my apprehension on water by Zealand, this bearer and his company, diligent and yet merciful, can better declare than myself, deceived by my simple and yet foxy skipper, can but by conjecture declare. If it shall stand to your pleasure to have me restored to my keeper, from whom like a very wreckling I did escape, then it is my humble suit unto her majesty and your honour so to temper the yet continued heat of my said keeper, that he content himself with laying on irons on that of my legs which is only able to bear the same, until your leisure may serve to call the corpus before you, or so with charity to dispose the same, now much decaying and decayed, by competent lodging, that it perish not *ante tempus a Deo præfixum*.

If any preoccupation have been used with your honour of me by Mr. John Mershe, late at Brussels, or Mr. Thomas Palie, now turned a \*Je . . . , it may yet like you *audire alteram partem*, in which your doing, *sicut non pœnitebit; ita opposita juxta seposita magis elucescent*. *Decimo quinto Aug. Tui honoris orator,*

JOHANNES STOREY."†

This letter was sent to Cecil by Parker and Simon Jewkes, as the following items of the bill of expenses sent to him, which we shall afterwards comment upon, will testify; Parker being a nominal prisoner, and Jewkes his keeper:

Paid at Yarmouth, for three horses and a post, sent up	£	s.	d.
with Parker and Simon Jewkes . . . . .	2	1	4
Paid them in their purses, to bear their charge to London			
and to the court‡ . . . . .	3	0	0

Parker, however, broke down on his journey when he got to St. Alban's; and sent Cecil the following letter from thence:

"RIGHT HONOURABLE,—Not long since your honour was advertised from Yarmouth of the arrival of Dr. Storey, brought from beyond the seas by me and my supports, or assistants, the 14th of this instant, about eight of the clock in the afternoon; since which time I have been travelling towards your honour, with whom my

\* Illegible.

† State-Paper, Domestic, Eliz., vol. lxxiii. art. 18.

‡ Domestic, Eliz., vol. lxxiii. art. 64.



heartly desire is to have conference of these things which in these affairs doth appertain; but being a man not used much to travel, I have over-travelled myself, so as yet I could not attain to the presence of your honour, and also not having any determinate time to have any access to your honour, do as yet remain attending the appointment of your honour, which I require, if it may stand with your honour to signify the same by the bearer hereof, and then shall I give my diligent attendance at all times, according to my bounden duty herewith. The Almighty have your honour in His blessed tuition. From St. Alban's, this present night, 18th August 1570. By your honour's obedient during life,

WILLIAM PARKER.\*

Roger Ramsden, Martin Bragge, and the rest, set off with their prisoner after a three days' abode in Yarmouth, having received a strict injunction to let him speak to no one; and so strictly was this order observed, that one Gosling, a bailiff, got into trouble for supplying him with kersey to make hose of. The bill here also supplies us with considerable information:

Paid for our charges at Yarmouth, the space of three days, with the Dr., Parker, and the rest, so long as they were in our company, as also that which was spent on the men and mariners . . . . .	£	s.	d.
		3	15 0
Paid for all our charges from Yarmouth to London . . . . .		5	10 0
Paid for all our charges here in London, to this 26th August, with our horse-meat the first night . . . . .		0	13 2

The lords of the council ordered Dr. Watts, Archdeacon of London, to take care of Dr. Storey till the Lollards' Tower could be got ready for his reception; for no common prison would do for such a man. "In my poor opinion," writes Lord Cobham to Cecil, "no common prison is fit for him, for he shall find too many friends."† No, the man who might have put Cecil and Leicester, and Elizabeth herself, to death, and had only put them in fear, was not to be allowed the use of friends. He was to have no common prison; the vindictiveness of the court faction was to ape the vengeance of God, and Dr. Storey was to be punished by that wherein he had sinned. The Lollards' Tower, in which he had shut up the heretics whom the ancient laws then punished, was to be new-locked and bolted to shut him up. The following letter of Watts to Cecil, dated August 26, 1570, acknowledges the receipt of the illustrious prisoner:

"With remembrance of my bounden duty to your honour, it may please the same to be advertised, that upon Friday last in the even-

\* Domestic, Eliz., vol. lxxiii. art. 21.

† State-Paper Office, Domestic, 18th Aug. 1570, vol. lxxiii. art. 24.

ing, Dr. Storey was brought unto my house to London by certain men of Yarmouth, with a letter from the queen's majesty's council to receive him into my charge; which thing I did according to their commandment, albeit I am very unmeet and unprovided for such a charge. . . . The Lollards' Tower shall be made ready for him about Tuesday next. The locks and bolts of the doors were broken off at the death of Queen Mary, and never repaired since, and therefore require a time to be made new again. My house is so weak that I am forced to get men to watch every night, which is a great trouble to me; and the care that I have of his safe keeping (being a person of whom such an account is made) doth much impair my health. I will commit him to Lollards' Tower as soon as it is ready, and will appoint a couple of keepers to keep him there, which, as I understand, is your honour's meaning. God preserve your honour in long life and health. Your honour's to command,

THOMAS WATTS.\*

The Lollards' Tower was soon ready for him, as the following extract of a letter from Thomas Watts to Cecil, dated September 4th, 1570, will show:

"With humble remembrance of my bounden duty unto your honour, it may please the same to be advertised, that according to your order Storey is committed to Lollards' Tower, where he hath been since Friday in the morning last. He seemeth to take little thought for any matters, and is as perverse in mind concerning religion as heretofore he hath been; and plainly saith that what he did in Queen Mary's time he did it lawfully, because he was but a minister of the law; and if the like law were again, he might do the like. I have appointed two of my neighbours, being honest men and favourers of the truth, to be his keepers jointly, and have divided the keys of the prison between them, so as the one cannot come at him without the other; and I have given them strait charge to keep him secret and safe, and not to suffer any to have conference with him. . . ."

We shall now leave Dr. Storey for a while, to show our readers how all the rogues engaged in this conspiracy, from Cecil to the sailors, quarrelled over the payment and division of the spoil. William Parker was the luckiest of all; for as Cecil did not desire the share he had in it to be known, and as, for appearance-sake, he was to be kept in prison and tried with Dr. Storey, as an accomplice with him, under the pretence that both of them were entrapped and brought over as traitors, it was necessary to pay him very handsomely not to divulge the plot, and to submit quietly to his imprisonment in the Tower, to which very shortly both he and Storey were transferred, as will appear by the following extract:

\* Domestic, Eliz., vol. lxxiii. art. 30.

† Ibid. art. 53.



*Demands of Sir Owen Hopton, Lieutenant of the Tower, for prisoners' charges from 1st Feb. to 7th April 1571.*

Among other items :

Item, for the diet and charges of Wm. Parker for nine weeks, at 13s. 4d. a week, one keeper at 5s. a week, and fuel and candles 4s.	£	s.	d.
		10	12 0
Item, for Dr. Storey, ditto, ditto*		10	12 0

The three merchants, however, sent in their bill for money paid out of pocket, not including their own reward, amounting to 177*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*; among the items of which the following suspicious ones are found :

Paid more that we were fain to give to be released of a hoye we bought at Barrow, that was not so able to serve our turn as we took her to be	£	s.	d.
		16	13 4
Paid more to be released of ten sacks of tow and other things, which at the first were determined to be laid on the said hoye, but after we determined to the contrary		3	2 8

They then charge 50*l.* for the hire of a hoye, and 30*l.* for the hire of three mariners, one of whom ran away *after* he had been paid, being in all 80*l.*; whereas Cecil, by making inquiries, found they had paid but 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* for both ship and men; so their bill was taxed, and they were paid but 68*l.* 11*s.* 4*d.*, notwithstanding many strenuous letters of Mershe to Cecil, that it were better to give way and pay the bill, for if they were made discontented, the affair might acquire an awkward publicity,—Cecil, in one of his last letters to Mershe (after the affair had gone on some time, and Dr. Storey was executed), jocosely saying that if the young men were not satisfied, they might have Dr. Storey's carcass among them to sell as relics. The young men at last invented a new tale, namely, that they had left 2300*l.* of debt behind them in the Low Countries, which the Duke of Alva had confiscated; for that the seizure of Dr. Storey, who was on terms of friendship with him (the Duke), had very much embittered both the King of Spain and him against Elizabeth and her government. However, if there had been any truth about the 2300*l.* of debt, we doubt whether they would have been a whole twelve-month in finding it out as an argument for the payment of their bill; and we have still greater doubts whether they would have undertaken the affair with the almost certain prospect of losing every thing they had in the Low Countries.

We give one of their whining letters to Cecil, dated June 1571, a few days after Storey's execution :

\* State-Paper, Domestic, Elizabeth, vol. lxxiii. art. 46.

“TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MY VERY GOOD LORD THE LORD OF BURGHLEY,—The cold answer, right honourable, which of late we received of Mr. Mershe to his motion, made, as he saith, of our cause unto your lordship, had wholly dismayed us, had not both the right honourable Earl of Leicester sundry times declared unto us the contrary; and you yourself of your great goodness very lately confirmed the same, which yieldeth us indeed great hope that notwithstanding the said Mershe’s discouragement, we are shortly to have some good end of that which so long we had sued for, wherein undoubtedly your great bounty shall so much the more appear and shine, as our present necessity doth urgently crave the same; and our hope is likewise the better assured, in that you have used, as of late we understand, so great liberality\* towards Parker, whose good happ in that behalf, as we do not in any wise malign, so doubt we not but our travail and losses, without whom he had never prevailed, will also be somewhat considered accordingly. Yet forasmuch as those, perhaps, to whom we had partly trusted, have not so effectually declared our cause as both by promise and in conscience they are bound to do, and to the intent (whatsoever report be made to the contrary) it may plainly appear unto your lordship, that of all prudence touching those affairs ours hath been and still is the greatest, may it please your lordship to understand the whole order how we came first to deal in this matter. The thing being pretended and planned by others long before, charge was committed unto one Pigotte to furnish a ship with men and mariners sufficient for such a purpose. He proceeded therein so far, that the very place, time, and tide was appointed, where the Doctor should be shipped with the whole train almost in all points as we now lastly used, for none other to that end could aptly have served; but in effect those matters were so slenderly handled, that when it came to the very point, all was dashed and like to be discovered; for beside that the men and mariners forsook the enterprise, and refused to deal any more therein, certain of them letted not to make exclamation at Parker’s house, where Storey and all other rebels resorted; and not knowing that Parker was privy thereunto, warned him, as he said unto us himself, to take heed, for there were that pretended to carry him and another into England. Until the matter was brought into this exigent, we never dealt therein, nor once understood of any such pretence; and in this extremity did one John Lee, gentleman, break the news unto us, declaring how lewdly Pigotte had ordered the matters, greatly complaining the danger he stood in himself, being in fear their enterprise would be bewrayed, that in very deed he once determined with the rest to have fled and absented themselves, for fear of the peril which was like to ensue; and so far discoursed upon the matter with us, that plainly we perceived him to be the principal dealer therein by order from hence, and the only man that

\* There is a sign-manual of Queen Elizabeth in the Chapter-House, granting him an annuity of 100 marks, till better advanced by pension or office, besides 20% down. July 11th, 1571.



by promises of great rewards and other things had allured Parker to consent thereunto :\* craving instantly (for so much as he brought the matter so far) our aid and assistance in that distress towards the accomplishing of the rest ; whereunto, although in heart we were very well inclined, yet could we not upon such a sudden be persuaded to hazard all that we had and our lives withal, until such time as, upon sight of certain letters which he showed us from Mr. Saltan-stall and Mr. Mershe, wherein your lordship was also mentioned, he showed in the end your lordship's own letter for confirmation of the rest, without which indeed we had not so far endangered ourselves at that sudden. But perceiving thereby that our service should be great and very acceptable to the State, we judged no time to be omitted, nor any danger refused, which might further so good an enterprise. So that it was neither Lee, Saltan-stall, or Mershe, but the credit of your lordship's letters, my lord, that moved us, all other things set apart, presently to employ ourselves that way, and without further deliberation to hazard our lives, and all that ever we had, rather than so good a piece of service should be overthrown. It was a dangerous attempt, and very well handled of Lee, the winning of Parker to consent thereunto ; for without him the Doctor could never have been blinded in such sort as he was. But all the rest was our deed only, and no man's else, as we trust Lee hath long sithence writ unto your lordship ; and we have also his letters to testify the same, if need require, whereby it shall plainly appear, if Mr. Mershe have not likewise reported accordingly, that he hath greatly abused us. As for Parker, be it spoken under correction, my lord, it was the opinion which Storey had of his simplicity, and not his own policy, that so deceived and allured him into those dangers ; which thing Storey by this one point sufficiently declared, in that he thought him not able to deal in any matter touching his office without his presence to guide and direct him ; and sure I am your lordship doth well perceive him to be very incapable of any such affairs as these were. For our parts, more assistance than of a very child or infant we never had of him, and accordingly were forced from time to time to instruct him what he should say or do in every respect ; and for his office, if your lordship make account what he hath lost thereby, surely as it was his only substance, it is well known, although he bore the name, that it was a matter of trust, and that Storey notwithstanding would have reaped the greatest fruit thereof. For our parts, right honourable, besides that we lack a great part of our disbursed money, and the great charge which we have been at in following her majesty's court these ten months continually, what we have lost and are likely to lose, if we should so amply declare as our cause requireth, your lordship may think it very much ; for over and above the 2300*l.* heretofore mentioned, our liberty and traffic in those places hath hitherto maintained the estate of mean merchants, whereof we are now wholly destitute. And for mine own part, those

\* They were all ignorant of the original plot between the lords of the council and Parker, which was kept as a great State secret.

hopes which on the behalf of my wife I am like to lose, I would not willingly have given for 1000 marks. Thus humbly beseeching your lordship to weigh our cause with compassion, for that Mr. Mershe declaring unto us so heavy a message from you, the same is a double grief that your lordship should wish us Dr. Storey's carcass among us, as Mr. Mershe saith, or otherwise to make some more reasonable suit, wherein, my good lord, as we have lost all that ever we had in doing this service; so for that matter that we require tends to the queen's majesty's profit, and the commonweal, and is but a casualty to what it may be worth to countervail our damages before mentioned; yet we humbly content ourselves therewith, desirous no further to enjoy it than as the same be not prejudicial to the intercourse and good policy of the State. And now, if we be driven to change our suit again, as we were once before for the matter of leather, we must be driven withal to beg our bread, and so leave to trouble your lordship any more. But behold your lordship as our good patron, whose goodness it is to consider how extremely we be forced, whilst that we must trouble you with so many words. But we beseech you of pardon and some end, whatsoever it be. For these five months the Earl of Leicester hath promised us good despatch; and so we be put off to our greater destruction, fed only with hopes, and lastly are furthest now from any relief at all. Praying God to move his heart, and to preserve your good lordship in all felicity, your honour's most humble orator,

ROGER RAMSDEN.\*

We are unable to inform our readers whether they ever got their money; but as for Parker, there are several letters from him to Cecil, in after years, by which it appears that the lord-treasurer employed him as an agent and a spy. In one of them he tells Cecil that it was a lucky thing he bore the same family name as Lord Morley (a noted Catholic fugitive); for he was often taken for a member of his family, and so acquired considerable information. In another he says: "Having experimented as well beyond the seas, as also here in my own country, the trade of merchandises, and frequenting the company of merchants daily beyond the seas more than here in these parts, by reason of my calling and advancement by the Duke of Alva to office."† He then relates a conversation he had with a merchant at Antwerp; who was free before him, "trusting that it would never be his luck to come again into England."

But we must now go back to Dr. Storey. We left him in the Tower of London, where he had been placed after a short residence in Lollards' Tower. The difficulty Cecil and Leicester had, was to trump up some charge of treason against him, by which he might be legally put to death; for

\* State-Paper, Domestic, Elizabeth, vol. lxxviii. art. 50.

† Lansdowne Mss., 41, art. 22.



it was clear they could not make his having been ecclesiastical commissioner under Queen Mary, or his speech in the House of Commons, treason, although they were the real cause of his execution. It was not till Easter 1571 that they concocted an indictment against him. It seems that he had been on friendly terms with the Nortons and other refugees, actors in the northern rebellion, who had been indicted for treason. He was therefore indicted for comforting traitors; and one of the particular charges against him was, that "he came one day to Parker's house at Antwerp; where, sitting at dinner, the elder Norton and some other of his company came in from the church; and one said, this is Norton; and thereupon Storey rose and gave him place and bid him welcome, and so the elder Norton sat down in Storey's place."\*

The indictment against him is still extant in the State-Paper Office,† and shows how false were the virulent and spiteful attacks of the authors of two tracts against him; the one called *The Copy of a Letter lately sent by a Gentleman Student in the Laws of the Realm to a Friend of his, concerning Dr. Storey*;‡ and the other, *Declaration of the Life and Death of John Storey*, 1571.§

After reciting the indictment against Richard Norton, Thomas Markenfield, Christopher Neville, Francis Norton, and Thomas Jenny, for their share in the rebellion in the north; also that the said Richard Norton and the rest traitorously fled to Antwerp; it goes on to present:

"That John Storey, of London, doctor of laws; William Parker, of London, draper; and John Prestall, of London, gentleman, feloniously and traitorously conspired, compassed, and imagined the death of the queen, and her deprivation; and well knowing that Richard Norton and the rest had committed, done, and perpetrated divers treasons and rebellions in England, did feloniously and traitorously, at Antwerp and divers other places, comfort, receive, entertain, and assist the said Richard Norton and the rest, against their allegiance, &c., and against the peace, &c., and against the statute in that case made and provided."

He was brought to Westminster Hall on the 26th May, before the judges of the Queen's Bench, and arraigned. He refused to plead, saying "that he was not an English subject; that men were not born slaves, but freemen; that kings were made for the people, and not the people for their kings; that the doctrine of natural allegiance was tyrannical and unjust,

\* Extracted from Dr. Storey's confessions.

† Domestic, Eliz. vol. lxxvii. art. 64.

‡ Reprinted in the Harleian Miscellany, vol. viii. p. 608.

§ Ibid. vol. iii. p. 100; and in Lord Somers' Tracts, vol. i. p. 480.

for that as men were born free, they had a right to choose their own country, and could owe no allegiance before they had sworn allegiance." He acknowledged, however, that he was born in England. "Then," said they, "it follows you are a subject to the queen and laws of the realm." He replied: "God commanded Abraham to go forth from the land and country where he was born, from his friends and kinsfolk, into another country; and so he, following his example, for conscience-sake in religion, did forsake his country and the laws of the realm and the prince, and had given himself up to the service of another Governor."

Perceiving they were about to give judgment against him, he said they had no law so to do; then turning to the people, he said: "Good people, I trust ye see how violently I am used, and how unjustly and contrary to all equity they use me." He added: "He had good hope he was not destitute of some friends there that would inform King Philip how cruelly they dealt with him." One of them said to him: "Master Storey, because you think it violence that is shown to you instead of law and justice, you shall know that we do nothing but what we may do by law and equity." Then one of the judges said: "This is Scarborough's case." "Nay," said Storey, "my case is not Scarborough's case; but indeed I had Scarborough's warning\* to come to this arraign, for I knew nothing of it till seven o'clock this morning." Then a book was given him, to see what they might do by law; and when he had read it, the judge asked him "how he liked it?" Storey answered: "God have mercy upon me;" and so he was sentenced in the usual way.

Quite right too, Dr. Storey; you Elizabethan Catholics are much too advanced in your notions of the rights of man. We have already seen one accomplished gentleman, Sir Thomas Tresham, fined and imprisoned for refusing to take an oath that would probably have cost him his ears, and for insisting on the right of an accused party not to be forced to criminate himself; and now we have to defend you for the abominable doctrine that a man is not delivered over bound hand and foot, or rather body and soul, into the hands of any ogre who may happen to be sitting on the throne, simply because the poor man was born within the fortunate dominions of the ogre aforesaid. You really do hold that a civilised man who has the misfortune to be born of civilised parents within the territories of Mumbo-Jumbo or Nangaro, may if he chooses migrate to another realm, and transfer his

\* First knocking a man down, and then bidding him stand; an old proverb, called by the common people in those days "Scarborough's warning."

allegiance to a more sympathetic sovereign! Fatal error, which we can only stigmatise as it deserves, in the words of an indignant contemporary, the same law-student to whom we have already referred. "It appears," quoth he, "that Dr. Storey said at his arraignment, 'that kings were chosen first by the people for their necessities, and not the people for their kings; and therefore the people might leave their kings when they had no more need of them.'" (Indeed! no need of the "light of their eyes" and the "breath of their nostrils"?) "And so," continues the student, "the conclusion, in his opinion, served for him that he might refuse his natural liege lady and queen: *a traitorous and monstrous error, worthy of some monstrous death, according to the monstrousness of the treason.*" You perceive, Mr. Thackeray, that if the people of England would but have listened to their Popish instructors three centuries ago, they would have been spared the necessity of being physicked into the same frame of mind by the infliction of the four Georges.

Having thus been seized in a foreign land by craft and violence, and condemned in a country that he never wished to enter again, and to which he had openly repudiated all allegiance, he was taken back to the Tower. On his way there he was insulted by the rabble, who shouted after him such doggrel as the following:

"Master Doctor Storey,  
For you they are right sorry,  
The courts of Louvain and Rome.  
Your holy father the Pope  
Cannot save you from the rope;  
The hangman shall have your gown."

Two days after his condemnation he wrote a letter to his wife at Louvain. He said he might easily have refuted the charge of treason, had he wished, had he called those as witnesses with whom he was said to have plotted at Antwerp; but that his conscience would not allow him to plead otherwise than he had done; for he could not plead as if he acknowledged an excommunicated queen, and especially could not according to his conscience acknowledge the jurisdiction of any judge appointed by one so excommunicated, for fear of being himself involved in the same condemnation. In order, therefore, to save his own conscience, and that he might die in the communion of Holy Church, he did not hesitate to shed his blood. He therefore not only returned thanks to God that he was thought worthy to die for so good a cause, but thought that his wife and all his friends would congratulate him, if they really knew with what eagerness he prepared himself for



that death by which in so short a time he would expiate the faults of a life of nearly seventy years.

The fanatical preachers who had hitherto annoyed him with their importunities now left him; and on the evening before his execution the lieutenant of the Tower asked him if he would like any minister of God to attend him. He replied that he should, provided he were no heretic or schismatic. The lieutenant upon this allowed Dr. Feckenham, Abbot of Westminster, who happened to be imprisoned in the Tower at the same time, to remain all night in his chamber: nearly the last time that such a favour was granted. On the next morning, the 1st of June, he was placed on a hurdle and drawn to Tyburn; and when the rope was placed round his neck, he made a long speech to the people, which will be found in the tract before mentioned, reprinted in the third volume of the Harleian Miscellany. He said he had come there to die; and were the death ten times more fierce, that he had deserved it. He thanked God he had been comforted the night past by good and godly men, who had taken away from him the fear of death. He appealed to God the Father, trusting in the passion of His Son Christ Jesus, and hoping by the shedding of His blood only to be saved. That as David had sinned and had to suffer a temporal punishment, so had he. Then he gave the history of his seizure and indictment. He said he was sure God had wrought it, and that it was by His grace he was brought there to die. He then defended himself from the charge of cruelty with which he was accused when acting as ecclesiastical commissioner. "Wherefore I pray you," said he, "name me not cruel. I would be loth to have any such slander to run on me. But sith I die in charity, I pray you all of charity to pray for me, that God may strengthen me with patience to suffer my death, to the which I yield most willingly. And here I make a petition to you, my friends, that would have bestowed any thing on me,—I beseech you, for charity's sake, bestow it yearly on my wife, who hath four small children; and God hath now taken me away, that was her staff and stay; and now my daughter Weston and her three children have gone over to her, and I know not how they shall do for food, unless they go begging for it from door to door. I have good hope that you will be good to her; for she is the faithfulest wife, the lovingest, the constantest, that ever man had; and twice we have lost all that ever we had; and now she hath lost me, to her great grief, I know."\* He then spoke about his reli-

\* She received a pension from the King of Spain of sixteen and a half dollars a-month after his death.

gion. He said he would die in the faith he was born in, namely, the Catholic Church; out of which, as in the time of the deluge out of the ark of Noah, there is no salvation. He said that he, to his sorrow, fell out of the ark once;\* but by the grace of God he found a boat with three oars—to wit, contrition, confession, and absolution—by which he was saved; and he never left the ship again. Lord Hunsdon said to him: “Are you not the queen’s subject?” Storey said: “Every man is born free, and he hath the whole face of the earth before him, to dwell and abide in where he liketh best; and if he cannot live here, he may go elsewhere.” One of the ministers present told him not to make so light of our noble queen and country, and told him to confess she was supreme head of the Church of England and Ireland; to which he answered, he came not there to dispute, but to die.

His execution was conducted with more atrocious cruelty than was usual even in those most barbarous times. Lords Burghley and Hunsdon, the Earl of Bedford, and another earl, whom we may not uncharitably suppose to have been Leicester, came to gloat over the dying moments of the man they both hated and feared in Queen Mary’s days, and detested still. Dr. Fulke, a celebrated Protestant controversialist, and many others of the leading Puritans, were present. He was cut down the instant he was hanged, in order that he might have all his senses about him. He was then stripped; and as soon as the executioner began his obscene and disgusting function, the modest martyr rose up and gave him a box on the ear. He was, however, held down by three or four men while the rest of the cruel butchery was performed.

By the Franciscans and Carthusians he was held in particular veneration as a saint, and his relics were honoured and placed over the altars in certain of their churches. His martyrdom was represented on the church-walls of the English college in Rome. He, as well as Felton, who was hanged the previous year for posting the excommunication of Elizabeth on the Bishop of London’s gates, both died in defence of the supremacy of the Holy Sec. We hope the time is coming when the cases of some of the martyrs who fell in England in the cause of religion will be considered, from the time

\* He alludes to having taken the oath of supremacy in Henry VIIIth’s time, which he ever after mentioned with tears, giving God thanks for restoring him to the unity of the Church. He alludes to it in his will, in these words: “For breaking any command set forth by the authority of the Church, and for the non-observing of any of her decrees, and especially for my offence in forsaking the unity of it by acknowledging any other supreme head than Christ’s deputy here on earth, St. Peter and his successors, I do most humbly and penitently cry God mercy.”

of Henry VIII. downwards; and that it will soon be discovered that great saints and martyrs, who would not disgrace the calendar, have existed, even in our fallen land.

The malice of Dr. Storey's enemies did not cease with his death: most violent attacks were made on his memory.\* Every thing which he did as a young man which could in any way tell invidiously was brought up against him to blacken his character;—nay, the very cries he uttered at the time of his execution, urged by the sharpness of the pain, were brought against him by way of reproach. Both Strype and Bishop Kennet† tell us that Dr. Fulke, in one of his numerous works, we forget which, thus wrote against him: “Such as were manifestly void of patience can be no true martyrs, as were most of those rebels and traitors; and Storey by name, who, for all his glorious tale, in the time of his deserved execution by quartering was so impatient, that he did not only cry and roar like a hell-hound, but also struck the executioner doing his office, and resisted as long as strength did serve him, being kept down by three or four men till he was dead; and he uttered no voice of prayer in all that time of his crying, as I heard of the very executioner himself, beside them that stood by, but only roared and cried as one overcome by the sharpness of the pain.” Thus wrote Fulke. We have a different opinion, namely, that the term ‘hell-hound’ is rather applicable to those who could complacently write such atrocious language, and to those who could come and gloat their vengeance over the sufferings of a poor dying man,—to Elizabeth and her infamous ministers, and to the Protestant bishops and clergy who were continually urging them on to still further atrocities.

The capture and execution of Dr. Storey excited great indignation among the Catholics of that time, although the exact history of it was but little known. Strype himself gives two accounts of the matter. In his *Life of Archbishop Parker*,‡ we have very nearly the true history: “Parker

\* Especially in the two tracts, reprinted in the Harleian Miscellany above mentioned. Strype and Holinshed, too, are very foul-mouthed against him. The street-ballads of the time attacked him furiously. We give a short specimen:

“DIABOLUS loquitur.

Stand to it, Stapleton, Dorman, and Harding,  
And Rastell, that rakehell, to maintain my order;  
Bonner and Gardiner are worth the regarding,  
For keeping articles so long in this border.  
O Storey, Storey, thou art worthy of recording:  
Thou stood'st to it stoutly against God and the king,  
And at Tyburn desperately gave me an offering.”

† Bishop Kennet's Biographical Collections, in the Lansdowne Mss. 931, fol. 108.

‡ vol. ii. p. 366.



was procured by certain persons, to which they say Cecil was privy, to go to Antwerp and decoy Storey;" but then he adds, that "the Roman Catholics did not forget Parker; for this year, for some pretence, he was cast into prison by the craft and malice of Storey's private friends as a pirate." As if Catholics had any influence in those days: the real history being, as we said before, that Storey and Parker were both placed under the hatches as equally prisoners; both conveyed to England apparently against their will; both imprisoned in the Tower and arraigned on the same indictment, in order that the complicity between Cecil and Parker might not leak out; and Parker was well paid for submitting to it with good grace. Strype tells us in another place\* that Parker was a merchant, trading to Antwerp; and when Storey came to search his vessel unnecessarily, he was so angry, that he set sail and brought him to England on his own responsibility; a version evidently untrue, but one which we dare say Cecil wished to be believed.

Catholics, however, must have known a great deal of the truth about it in those days; and in some instances spoke out, in spite of their almost certain imprisonment and persecution in consequence. Thus Edward Neville† was informed against, for saying that "he that brought over Dr. Storey was a traitorous villain; and that whoever durst say the contrary was a villain, and lied in the throat;" and John Sentledge, for saying "he would maintain all his cousin Neville had said, though it were in presence of my lord treasurer." This Edward Neville was transferred from the Tower to the Fleet, January 3, 1598, "after a long imprisonment," probably on this account.

We do not profess to give this short account of Dr. Storey as a full history of his life and martyrdom, for which there are materials extant sufficient to make a small volume; but rather as an additional instance of the cruelty of the Elizabethan period, and to bring into more notice as illustrious, though not so well-known a martyr, as Fathers Campian, Southwell, Walpole, and others are.

\* In his Life of Sir J. Cheeck.

† Lansdowne Mss. 97, art. 23.

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## CHRISTIANITY IN THE PACIFIC.

SCARCELY a generation has passed away since Cook steered his adventurous course among the coral-reefs and palm-tree islets of the Pacific archipelago; first set foot on the continent of Australia, or, anchoring to refresh under the wooded shores of New Zealand, predicted that it might one day become the Britain of the south. The great Pacific, so lately desolate, in less than a generation has become a highway of nations. Stately cities are even now arising with a rapidity unexampled in the history of mankind; and races, destined no doubt to play an important part in the future of the globe, are already peopling the antipodes of Europe. In the midst of this vigorous young life stand the native Australian and Pacific-islander races in sad contrast,—worn out, and gradually decaying.

Of all the phases of the life of nations, there are few more interesting, and generally none more sad, than that which presents barbarism suddenly placed face to face with superior civilisation and mental energy. Ordinarily the savage, proud in his wild independence, or too brutalised by ages of barbarism to perceive his inferiority, resists the superior race, having no points of sympathy with it, and many of antagonism and repugnance. He is driven back, and ultimately disappears. Such a case is that of the unfortunate aborigines of Australia. But the Pacific islanders, chiefly of Malay origin,—such as the New Zealander, the Tahitian, and the Sandwich islander,—belong to another category. They afford perhaps the only instance in the world of a people in many respects purely savage, and even sometimes cannibal, yet manifesting a desire to receive and partially amalgamate with a superior race; and in a certain degree to avail itself of a material civilisation above its own.

It is to the Pacific islanders of this class that we now propose to devote a small space; and the subject is one that not only possesses an intrinsic interest of its own, but is deserving of the especial notice of Catholics, from the fact that the Pacific islanders are the only people to whom Protestant missionaries have been able to point with any appearance of plausibility as an instance of the success of their evangelising efforts.

We shall refer more especially in this notice to the New Zealander, as perhaps the most perfect type of the race, both physically and morally; as being the native inhabitant of

one of our youngest but most promising colonies; and lastly, as the New Zealander is so frequently exalted as the model neophyte, nay, the perfect Christian, of Exeter Hall. Our attention, too, has been of late attracted to this subject by the following passage in a recent work by Mr. Hardwick, the "Christian advocate" of Cambridge University, entitled *Christ and other Masters*:

"In New Zealand, where but thirty years ago the natives were ferocious cannibals, the scourge of neighbouring islands, and the terror of the British seaman who was driven to their shores, we now behold a population almost as generally Christian as our own. The chiefs and people vie together in their zeal for the advancement of religion, and exhibit all that catalogue of virtues which distinguish the regenerate nature,—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

The writer of these pages, who has traversed the interior of New Zealand in several directions, and who dwelt for years in constant intercourse with the natives, must confess that he fails to recognise his old friends in the foregoing highly-coloured picture. The Pacific islander, with the Bible in his hands, is, on the contrary, a remarkable instance of the essential absurdity of the doctrine of private judgment—"the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible" system. He learns to read and write; he takes up the Bible; he is shrewd, quick-witted, and puffed up with a sudden sense of his importance. Our friend, perhaps, was not a chief; but now becomes a man of consequence as a teacher of the fashionable European doctrines. He is at once a doctor of divinity, and expounds the Scriptures in a way that might well astonish less ambitious theologians. The writer himself remembers undergoing a long lecture from a native of this class, who, insisting upon the superior godliness of his tribe, and of himself in particular, laid down the broad principle that the Gospel was never meant for Europeans. Some of their deductions are ingenious, if not moral. A well-known chief at Wellington, when remonstrated with for indulging in a plurality of wives, was ready with the example of Solomon, who was even more extravagant in that particular; and another, who had sold the same piece of land three times over, being reproached by the then governor for conduct so inconsistent with his religious professions, at once justified himself by pleading scriptural authority. "I read," said he, "When thou hast sold thy land, doth it not again return unto thee?"\*—a reference to the Judaical sabbath-year which un-

\* The Maori theologian was probably quoting the text Lev. xxvii. 24, *memoriter*. It is correct in substance, though not in words.



doubtedly proved deep research, and a happy talent of applying his knowledge to his own cases of conscience. It may well be imagined that instances of this kind might be multiplied *ad infinitum*.

And if in expounding the Scriptures the natives are thus singularly felicitous, in their collateral comments they have at least the merit of originality. The writer has been assured that he, as a "Roman"-ist, worshipped Jupiter. Denial was quite unavailing,—on the good old principle, probably, that Catholics are not the best evidence on what they themselves believe. On another occasion, a whole assembly of natives quoted missionary authority for their statement that it was the Catholics who cast the three children of Israel into the fiery furnace; and in the heat of the discussion an old Wesleyan native stoutly advocated another clause in the indictment:—it was the Catholics who crucified our Saviour. On the last count, however, we were acquitted by a majority of voices, though unanimously condemned on the former. Similar stories were disseminated in Tahiti before the arrival of the Catholic bishop; veracious legends of child-eating prelates, and scraps of equally authentic history unknown to European annalists. Such is the foundation of most of the Protestantism of the Pacific islanders,—the Bible in the hands of semi-savages, and a strong infusion of anti-Catholic prejudice. It is, however, very doubtful how far these two elements of a popular creed have any deep hold on the majority of those calling themselves Christians. The Holy Scriptures are read, and outwardly revered; but often privately become the object of blasphemous irreverence. And as to the anti-Catholic legends, they have in most cases ended by defeating their object by their own extravagance, and have left the natives in a state of complete disbelief and religious indifference. But we shall be referred to the admirably religious letters so frequently quoted in proof of the high moral tone of the evangelical New Zealander; and that we may not be suspected of any desire to throw a veil over this strong point of our opponents, we must trouble our readers with some extracts from a parliamentary blue-book, containing, amongst other documents relating to the colony of New Zealand, an account of the death of Honi Heke, a renowned warrior-chief, and a disciple of the missionaries. Governor Grey, in a despatch to the Colonial Office, notifies the illness of the chief Heke, and encloses two copies of letters, one from Heke himself, and one from "Harriett John W. Heke Pokai," his wife. Heke informs the governor that his "disease is great; but do not you grieve about that. This is not the

everlasting abode of the body." The lady, it is true, is less lucid in her correspondence, and has evidently forgotten to add a postscript to say that her husband is dying; but her letter is nevertheless worthy of insertion:

"TO THE GOVERNOR,—My dear friend the Governor, greeting you. I send this expression of my love to the Governor and his wife Lady Grey. Friend Lady Grey, are you well, both you and your husband? I am well. Give my love to your wife.

From your affectionate sister,

To Lady Grey.

HARRIETT JOHN W. HEKE POKAI."

Amiable couple! can we apply to them the quotation of the "Christian advocate,"—"love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance"? Perhaps before we do so, we had better turn over a few pages, and read another letter from a certain chief named Pene Tani, which throws yet further light on the "long-suffering," if not on the "peace, meekness," &c. of poor Heke's domestic hearth:

"O FRIEND THE GOVERNOR,—Salutation to you. This is my speech to you, that you may hear and thoroughly understand that your loving friend John Heke is dead. On the 7th day of this month, at the third hour of the morning, he died; and was buried on the 11th at midnight. The cause of his death was a quarrel which he had with his wife, because John Heke had been with another woman, and on this account his wife was angry. Thus it was: Heke was sleeping in the forenoon,—he was sound asleep; then came Harriett with haui (a kind of club) and struck him on the ribs. When she had beaten him, she threw him down upon the bed; and when he was down she showered blows and kicks upon him. That is all. John Heke's death was near; he first disclosed this to me, and said, 'My death is in my right side.' He fixed his eyes upon me and pointed to Harriett, and placed his hands on his ribs. I laughed at him. Well, after his death, when he had lain two days, his body was washed, and it was seen that the injury on his ribs was very great,—matter had come from the place. On this account the assemblage of the Ngapuhi (a tribe) was very angry with Harriett; and all the property of John Heke was given up to them, nothing being left for Harriett, because Heke's relations were extremely angry. That is all of these words from me.

To Governor Grey.

From PENE TANI."

In Mr. Fox's *Six Colonies of New Zealand* an anecdote of well-known authenticity is related of the great chief Rauparaha. Renowned for his warlike achievements, but still more for his cruelty, his treachery to friends and enemies, and his talents for intrigue, Rauparaha, after the massacre of

the Wairau, "placed himself," says Mr. Fox, "under missionary protection; and by pretending conversion and likening himself to St. Paul, succeeded in hoodwinking his protectors." Unfortunately we have not at hand the blue-book which contains the letters by which he for a time blinded the generally acute governor, Sir George Grey, at the very moment he was supplying arms and ammunition to be used against the government. Detected and held in detention, he was ultimately allowed to return to Otaki, his native place.

"There (we quote again from Mr. Fox) he resumed his pretensions to sanctity. 'I saw,' says an intelligent but newly-arrived clergyman who visited him at this time, 'amongst the other men of note, the old and once-powerful chief Rauparaha, who, notwithstanding his great age of more than eighty years, is seldom missed from his class; and who, after a long life of perpetual turmoil, spent in all the savage excitement of cruel and bloody wars, is now to be seen every morning in his accustomed place, repeating those blessed truths which teach him to love the Lord with all his heart and mind and soul and strength, and his neighbour as himself.' . . . A few days before his death, when suffering under the malady which carried him off, two settlers called to see him. While there, a neighbouring missionary came in, and offered him the consolations of religion. Rauparaha demeaned himself in a manner highly becoming such an occasion; but the moment the missionary was gone, he turned to his other visitors, and said: 'What is the use of all that nonsense? that will do my belly no good!' He then turned the conversation to the Wanganni races, where one of his guests had been running a horse. Such were the last days of Rauparaha."

And such, in the opinion of those who know the natives best, and whom the natives have no object in deceiving, is the real measure of much of that outward piety they so readily assume. Regular as many of them constantly are in singing hymns and repeating prayers, it is not possible until one has been a good deal amongst them to judge how little reality such practices have for them beyond a mere form and a sign of respectability. The almost superstitious observance of the Sunday is another singular feature in their "Christianity." The writer has known every New Zealander in a village refuse to assist some Europeans in seeking for a native of their own tribe who had been lost in the bush, and was supposed to have been hurt or taken ill,—which proved to be the case,—because it was a Sunday. The native had been missed on Saturday, and it was represented to them that he might be dead by Monday; in which they fully concurred, but persisted in their refusal to "desecrate the Sabbath;"—they would



wait till Monday, and then find him, dead or alive. The unfortunate man was a native of very inferior rank; had he been a chief, the case would no doubt have been different. And yet, as if to illustrate the mass of inconsistencies that make up the savage character, in nine cases out of ten the refusal to act as guide, as ferryman, to supply food to a traveller, on a Sunday,—all of which are of common occurrence,—is generally simply a ruse to obtain extra payment. One payment for the service, and another “for breaking the holy day,” is a demand well known to New-Zealand travellers, accompanied sometimes by a request from the more conscientious that the payment may be placed under a stone, to be taken up on Monday. An officer of a United-States frigate which touched at Hawaio in the Sandwich Islands related to the writer an incident which is unfortunately characteristic. He had landed at Hilo, the seat of a flourishing American mission, and had taken a walk one Sunday evening into the adjoining country. Tired and hot, he requested a young native to sell him a few of the oranges which grew on the spot; but was met by an indignant refusal, on the ground of profanation of the Sabbath. Somewhat annoyed at what he considered a refinement of scrupulosity, he was turning away, when the virtuous sabbatarian followed him, and, passing a glowing eulogium on the beauty of his own sister, made him a proposition that, whilst it argued but little for the morality of the young lady in question, proved at the same time how easy it is to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

But we have given enough instances to show the character of that “Christianity” which swells the reports of Exeter Hall and the coffers of the Bible-societies. We are aware that a few isolated instances are not sufficient in themselves to prove a case; but we have adduced them as illustrations,—as types of character rather than as proofs. Personal knowledge of the New Zealanders, and, in a lesser degree, of some of the other Pacific islands; intercourse with men of all classes who have voyaged and dwelt amongst them; added to a considerable interest in the subject, and a desire to arrive at the real truth,—have all led the writer to the same conclusion. And to a Catholic at least it does not seem wonderful. Common sense, when it is not blinded by prejudices of education, would show that when the Bible is placed as the sole rule of faith in the hands of the “ignorant and the unwary” savage, he is only likely “to wrest it to his own destruction.” We can understand how the principle of the Divine authority and mission of the Catholic Church, once imprinted in the savage mind, may gradually train him up in

the way of virtue and religion; how he may gain the supernatural idea of chastity, from the example of the nun that devotes herself to teach his daughters; of self-devotion, from the priest who gives up every domestic tie to lead a lonely life of hardship and toil, and dies perhaps in the forest hardly known of man. With such examples, and with the aid of the Sacraments, a savage race may be elevated;—but elevated by beginning in humility, not in pride and self-sufficiency. So it is with the individual fallen man; so it is with races long fallen from depth to depth of barbarism. It is very fine to talk of savage virtues like the followers of Rousseau, or to depict a paradise like Herman Melville. There are, indeed, savage virtues; but they are generally very different, and founded on very different principles, from the virtues of religion, and often under a pleasing exterior hide vices worse even than those of the most corrupt civilisation; for civilisation even the most corrupt has always an under-current of religious and moral feeling, if not actual at least traditional, without which, indeed, it could not long exist; whereas in the pure state of barbarism the individual man is amenable to no tribunal of fixed ideal right and wrong, but is wholly swayed by his own passions and feelings for good or evil. As to the Tahitian and Marquesan paradises of the novelist, his paradise is one of sensuous gratification, seen through a medium of *couleur de rose*. Tahiti is to this day as licentious as in the days of Captain Cook; and yet the Tahitians, almost to a man, call themselves Protestants, sing hymns, and read the Bible; and the introduction by the missionaries of a law of divorce unknown to their native customs (and a law of divorce, too, which permits the man to marry again, and condemns the woman to perpetual widowhood) has caused them to retrograde, by removing a check which previously existed. In this respect the Sandwich islanders are on a par with the Tahitians, and the New Zealanders hardly, if at all, superior. There is one more point in the extract which we have given from the “Christian advocate’s” work which demands our attention. The writer, to give force to his picture of the virtues of the New Zealander of the present day, recalls their cannibalism and their other savage propensities of thirty years ago. Unfortunately, the last authentic instance of cannibalism is of much more recent date. It is beyond all doubt that cannibalism was committed on the body of at least one British officer slain in Colonel Despard’s attack on Heke’s stockade; and yet so “religious” were the natives, that when they next morning evacuated the place, the fact was known to



the besiegers by the silence that reigned within it at the hour of morning prayer. Unfortunately, again, for the writer's contrast, two native tribes are at this moment engaged in war at Taranaki, in spite of the efforts of the Government and of Bishop Selwyn to put a stop to their hostilities; and we read only the other day in a New-Zealand paper of a threatened difficulty in the north having been happily adjusted by Bishop Pompallier, after all other efforts had failed. The fact is, that the natives are *not* perfectly civilised, even in a material point of view; still less perfectly Christianised. That there is some change for the better in them in certain respects we will admit, as compared with thirty years ago; but the question is, What has brought that change to pass?

We have already observed, that the Pacific islanders differ from almost all other savage races in their desire to receive Europeans amongst them, and to benefit by their superior knowledge. Even before the first missionaries landed in New Zealand, it was an object of ambition amongst the native chiefs to have Europeans resident in their tribes; and in the Sandwich Islands the friend and councillor of the warrior-king Kamehamea I. was an English sailor, a man himself of remarkable ability. It was in virtue of this principle that the missionaries were first received. In New Zealand, at least, the native thought little of any religious observance; he possessed a traditional knowledge of one universal God, but it was much obscured by mythical legends of spirits and demigods. His religious observances were few, chiefly consisting of old forms of incantation, with the remarkable exception of the custom of elevating the first slain man in battle on a spear, and leaving the body there as an offering to the god of war. The New Zealander, then, had little to which he was attached in the way of belief to give up; and even in those other islands where there was a more complete form of religious observances, the natives do not appear to have felt that difficulty in abandoning their old ways and adopting new ones that has been experienced by races less intelligent, perhaps, but at the same time more earnest and less versatile in character; consequently they professed themselves Christian as part and parcel of the European habits and customs, but more as a fashion than as an affair of faith. You may travel as safely amongst the New Zealanders, or Tahitians, or Sandwich islanders, as you may in England or France,—perhaps, if you have valuables about you, more safely; and it is a question whether you could have done this thirty years ago. But you may travel as safely among a pagan tribe as among a “Christianised” one; it is undeniable that such is



the case in New Zealand. No one disputes that tribes that have had their chief intercourse with outlying settlers, or even with the rough whaler population, are in many respects as advanced, in some more advanced, and in little but outward forms less advanced, than those tribes amongst whom the "Church Missionary" and similar societies have made their greatest efforts. We might here again quote Mr. Fox, who, in his chapter on "Missionary Influence," draws a parallel between natives of the model missionary settlement of Otaki and those of the Motueka district living amongst some settlers (at the time Mr. Fox wrote, chiefly of the humbler class). The result of the comparison is decidedly in favour of the latter. The fact is, that such civilisation, or rather such improvement in habits, as has been attained by the New Zealanders, is mainly attributable to their own intelligence; to their desire of obtaining riches; to the influence of intercourse with Europeans generally; and even the effect of these influences has been greatly exaggerated. It is quite a question amongst those who have devoted the most thought to the subject, how far the Pacific islanders generally, and the New Zealanders in particular, have *really* progressed within the last thirty years. We have already admitted that they have progressed in some respects; they have given up several of their most savage customs, such as cannibalism in New Zealand, and human sacrifices in the Sandwich Islands. Native wars are less frequent; infanticide is at least less openly practised. These are great gains, no doubt; but when we begin to consider whether they have made any advance in social organisation, it would appear that in that respect they have rather retrograded. The authority of the chiefs has been weakened, and nothing has been substituted in its place. The influence of the government in New Zealand at least cannot be effectively felt in the more remote and thickly-populated native districts; and though latterly the colonists in New Zealand (who have as a body generally maintained the most amicable relations with the natives, and shown an excellent feeling towards them) have, since self-government has been conferred upon the colony, taken some important steps to induce the natives to obtain individual property in land, and in other respects to benefit them, yet it appears very improbable that the New Zealanders will ever be sufficiently elevated to form any appreciable element in the future of the colony. Their rapid extinction has no doubt been retarded by colonisation. They are better fed and better clothed; though, especially in the matter of lodging, their old savage domestic habits cling about them still.

Wars and feuds, too, are less common and less bloody; but in spite of this they are rapidly dying out. There are fewer women than men amongst them; and the proportion of children is exceedingly small. In Tahiti, and in the Sandwich islands, the same process of depopulation is going on; and it appears but too probable that, from natural causes alone, another hundred years will see the last of a race of men that must in Cook's time have numbered several millions throughout the islands of the Pacific.

We have referred especially, in the preceding paragraphs, to the present social state of the New Zealanders. In Tahiti and its dependencies the French exercise "a protectorate,"—in reality a very arbitrary rule. Their efforts to implant habits of industry amongst the natives appear a total failure; and the unbounded immorality which is the chief cause of the physical decline of the South-Sea islanders is no where more remarkable than among the Tahitians. Very few of them have become Catholics, on this account; and, indeed, the French government has, in its usual spirit of deferring every thing to political expediency, actually at times thrown obstacles in the way of the Catholic missionaries, to the extent, at one time, of forbidding their preaching to the natives for fear of irritating the more powerful Protestant party in the island. This may seem incredible, but the writer had it on the spot, from the very highest authority; and, indeed, the position of the Catholic Church in the Pacific, in relation to the French civil authorities, forms a disgraceful contrast to the generally fair treatment it has experienced in the English possessions in that part of the world. The Sandwich islands, an important naval position, forming the key to the North Pacific, have their independence guaranteed by England, France, and the United States of America. The simulacrum of a constitutional government has been established there, with a native king, and a cabinet virtually composed of Europeans, at its head. Till within the last few years this was, in fact, a despotism of American missionaries; but in 1853 it had become so intolerable, that a petition, signed by 260 foreign residents and 12,220 natives, was presented to the king for the dismissal of the more obnoxious of his missionary advisers; and the demand was so imperative that they were forced to yield. In many points the government has improved since then, owing chiefly to the advice tendered by the English and French consul-generals. The Catholic religion, formerly prohibited, is now allowed, and has made great advances amongst the natives.

In speaking of the Pacific islands, we must not omit to

allude to the Gambian islanders. Though the writer has no personal knowledge of them, he has high authority for believing them to be an instance of highly successful Catholic missionary efforts. They are described as singularly moral and devout, with an organised system of industry which has won the admiration of the most unprejudiced visitors.

To finish, as we began, with New Zealand, we will add a very few words on the position of the natives as regards Catholicity. The New Zealander will as readily embrace Catholicity as Protestantism, as far at least as the first step goes,—calling himself a Catholic; the great difficulty is to prove his sincerity. Many, however, are sufficiently advanced to be admitted to the Sacraments. But amongst the tribes that profess Catholicity the great want of priests is a serious drawback. The nuns' schools at Auckland and Wellington for the education of native girls, both of which receive government support, are likely to tend more than any thing else to elevate the moral character of the natives; but they are unfortunately necessarily on too small a scale to exercise any material influence on the natives generally. We will only further remark, that the general character of Catholic tribes is comparatively favourably spoken of, and that the only occasion on which we remember to have heard of any one of them engaging in any war, was when Rewa called out his tribe to aid the government to re-establish law and order during Heke's insurrection.

We regret that in the preceding pages we have not been able to take a more favourable view of the Pacific-islander races,—races whose many amiable qualities, whose quick wit and native gentleness of manner, cannot but be often recalled by those who remember pleasant evenings by New-Zealand camp-fires, or wander back in imagination to the palm-tree and orange-groves of the more tropical islands. But if, as we fear, the last chapter in the history of these races is even now quietly, gradually, but surely, approaching its fulfilment, we do not doubt that the future historian, looking back on their present state and character, will estimate it no higher than we have done.

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## Reviews.

### CHALDEA AND PERSIA.

*Travels and Researches in Chaldea and Susiana.* By  
William Kennett Loftus, F.G.S.

THE pages of the *Rambler* are, fortunately, perhaps, not a proper place for critical disquisitions on the true interpretation of cuneiform inscriptions. If they were, we might possibly be driven to employ some such scheme as the learned *mollah* did, when dining with our friend Hajji Baba at the hospitable board of the moon-faced Bessy's father. The reader will remember, that on the professor of languages finding his Persian suddenly and hopelessly at fault in presence of Prince Hajji, he, in the words of the chronicle of that veracious son of a barber, "grew confused and evidently much dissatisfied with himself; when, looking at the back of his plate, to his joy he there discovered some Chinese characters, and in triumph volunteered to give the meaning of them. Having previously ascertained my ignorance of that language, he gave a long explanation, which seemed to satisfy every body of his profound learning, and restored to himself the equilibrium which he had lost." If very hard pressed, we too must examine the back of the plate; and, admitting that we have not kept our "arrowhead" quite up to the mark, display our skill in doing into vernacular British the most crooked and perverse Lunarian. The truth is, that the gift of ability to decipher the sculptured or impressed language of the crumbled cities of the Euphrates is confined at present to so few individuals, that the ranks of *literati* stand in little better position than the mob of outsiders. If any such authority as Sir Henry Rawlinson chooses to tell us that a Babylonian cylinder contains a correct formula for the brewing of pale ale, we can only fold the hands of acquiescence over the bosom of faith, and enlarge our ideas of the empire of Nergal-shar-ezur, as having rejoiced in the possession of some curly-bearded Bass or Alsopp.

But though we cannot enter critically into the philological researches of the accomplished workman in this field of interpretation, we can, and do, take a very decided interest in the valuable additions which have been made by them and by their means to the history of mankind. We care but little, save in a certain malicious sense, about the "Prophetical

Society,"—which, after a tedious parturition, has just, we find, given birth to a volume, clad in ominous black and scarlet (the colours which foolish jesters term thunder and lightning when occurring in fancy waistcoats),—seeing that the course of the future may not be altogether laid bare to the apprehension of the Mrs. Gamps and Mrs. Harrises, lay and cleric, who constitute that singular association. He, however, must be dull and heavy indeed who cares nothing for the past; who is not stirred by curiosity into some feeling of interest and excitement as he reads of the disinterment of records which open again to sight and touch, as it were, the ancient world and its thousand mysteries; the mighty empires which were, but are not; whose mouldering gigantic skeletons alone remain deep buried in the dust, to be uncovered piecemeal, now and then, like scattered bones of the monsters of geology; in evidence that boundless wealth and power wait but the word of Him with whom a thousand years is as one day, to vanish into nothingness, even as the summer cloud before the sun. There is something almost overpowering in being carried back thus sensibly to a time when as yet Abraham had not traversed the plains of Mesopotamia; and in tracing a course of events always parallel to and often closely intermingled with the narrative of Holy Writ, by visible and tangible records, in the very spots where the patriarchs pastured their flocks; where the prophet Ezechiel lies buried; where the pride of Nabuchodonosor bit the ground; and where the tomb of Daniel is a place of pilgrimage to the wandering Arab to this day.

Mr. William Kennett Loftus, whose researches in Chaldea and Susiana are the subject of our notice, was attached as geologist to the Turco-Persian Frontier Commission, in 1849-52, under the orders of Colonel, now Major-General, Sir W. F. Williams, Bart. of Kars. In 1853 he again visited the East, in conduct of the expedition sent out by the Assyrian Excavation Fund. The present volume is the result of his labours; and although in presence of Layard and others he must, we presume, be considered one of the *dii minores*, we have found his narrative, in spite of his literary inexperience and a certain want of method, extremely interesting. Many qualities must be found combined in a man, to render him fit to undertake the task of excavation in the plains of Assyria and Chaldea. He must add to ample courage a sufficient knowledge of Eastern dialects to out-clamour his opponents in their own Billingsgate; he must endure the extremes of heat and cold, as well as the depressing influence of frequent labour in vain; and above all, he must have

tact, to enable him to deal with the fanatical Turk, the crafty Persian, and the frantic Arab. It is a redeeming point of the Eastern diplomatic *disservice*, as the *Examiner* calls it, that persons possessed of these qualifications have rarely been wanting when circumstances have called for their presence. Mr. Loftus appears to be by no means deficient in them; and the sketches which he gives of his relations with the multifarious dwellers and rovers in the Desert form very agreeable episodes in the history of his antiquarian researches. Bághdád being appointed as the rendezvous of the commission, the English party, as might be expected, was the first to arrive at that dirty remnant of the glories of the khálifát; and doing so in May 1849, was exposed to the malaria arising from the subsidence of a vast inundation. In a short time the fever swept off 12,000 out of a population of 70,000; the febrifuge most in vogue being a heavy dose of unripe grape-juice. The thermometer in the shade rises to 117° Fahr. in Bághdád; and as the heat is still more unendurable at the head of the Persian Gulf, the idea of proceeding to the frontier till the summer should be past was abandoned. As soon, however, as the intensity of the heat permitted, Colonel Williams organised a trip to the ruins of Babylon and the Persian shrines, by way of breaking the monotony and lassitude of a long detention, which could not but be felt, notwithstanding the abundant hospitality of Colonel Rawlinson, then consul-general.

The site of Babylon and the Birs Nimrúd have now been so often described and discussed, that we shall not follow the travellers in this portion of their journey, save to glance at the strange edifice which crowns the celebrated mound, and which, in former and less accurate days, was supposed to be the ruins of the Tower of Babel. The excavations made under Sir Henry Rawlinson, and the sagacity and skill with which he has unravelled the recovered cylinders, have enabled him to describe this vast historical monument with astonishing accuracy. It was "the Stages of the Seven Spheres of Borsippa," an oblique pyramid of six terraces, crowned by (in all probability) a temple. Each terrace was about twenty feet high, dedicated to a planet, and stained with the colour attributed to it by the Sabæan astrologers: the lowest black, for Saturn; the second orange, for Jupiter; the third red, for Mars; the fourth yellow, for the Sun; the fifth green, for Venus; the sixth blue, for Mercury; and the temple at the top, now a vitrified mass, was probably white, for the Moon. We cannot resist adding at length Sir H. Rawlinson's translation of the cuneiform inscription which commemorates the



restoration of this edifice by Nabuchodonosor, some 600 years B.C. :

“I am Nabu-kuduri-uzur (Nabuchodonosor), king of Babylon, the established governor ; he who pays homage to Merodach, adorer of the gods, glorifier of Nabu the supreme chief ; he who cultivates worship in honour of the great gods, the subduer of the disobedient man, repairer of the temples of Bit-Shaggeth and Bit-Tzida, the eldest son of Nabu-pal-uzur, king of Babylon. Behold now Merodach, my great lord, has established men of strength, and has urged me to repair his buildings. Nabu, the guardian over the heavens and the earth, has committed to my hands the sceptre of royalty therefore. Bit-Shaggeth, the palace of the heavens and the earth for Merodach, the supreme chief of the gods, and Bit-kua, the shrine of his divinity, and adorned with shining gold, I have appointed them. Bit-Tzida also have I firmly built ; with silver and gold and a facing of stone, with wood of fir and plane and pine, I have completed it. The building named the Planisphere, which was the wonder of Babylon, I have made and finished ; with bricks enriched with lapis-lazuli I have exalted its head. Behold now the building named the Stages of the Seven Spheres, which was the wonder of Borsippa, had been built by a former king. He had completed forty-two cubits, but he did not finish its head. From the lapse of time it had become ruined ; they had not taken care of the exits of the waters, so the rain and wet had penetrated into the brickwork. The casing of burnt brick had bulged out, and the terraces of crude brick lay scattered in heaps ; then Merodach, my great lord, inclined my heart to repair the building. I did not change its site, nor did I destroy its foundation-platform ; but in a fortunate month, and upon an auspicious day, I undertook the building of the crude-brick terraces, and the burnt-brick casing of the temple. I strengthened its foundation, and I placed a titular record on the part I had rebuilt. I set my hand to build it up and to exalt its summit. As it had been in ancient times, so I built up its structure ; as it had been in former days, thus I exalted its head. Nabu, the strengthener of his children, he who ministers to the gods, and Merodach the supporter of sovereignty,—may they cause this my work to be established for ever ; may it last through the seven ages ; and may the stability of my throne and the antiquity of my empire, secure against strangers, and triumphant over many foes, continue to the end of time. Under the guardianship of the regent who presides over the heaven and the earth, may the length of my days pass on in due course. I invoke Merodach, the king of the heavens and the earth, that this my work may be preserved for me under thy care, in honour and respect. May Nabu-kuduri-uzur, the royal architect, remain under thy protection.”

Let us now turn for a moment to other than cuneiform records, to a Book where we read :

“At the end of twelve months he was walking in the palace of

Babylon. And the king answered and said: Is not this the great Babylon, which I have built to be the seat of the kingdom, by the strength of my power, and in the glory of my excellence? And while the word was yet in the king's mouth, a voice came down from heaven: To thee, O king Nabuchodonosor, it is said: Thy kingdom shall pass from thee; and they shall cast thee out from among men, and thy dwelling shall be with cattle and wild-beasts; and thou shalt eat grass like an ox, and seven times shall pass over thee till thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will. The same hour the word was fulfilled upon Nabuchodonosor."

The traveller stands on the ruined tower of Nimrúd, and on every side his eye rests on marsh and pool and crumbled mound—a wide panorama of utter desolation. The boast of the king remains on a broken tablet; the word of God is ineffaceably written on the length and breadth of the land.

Continuing their journey to the termination of the first of the great *Paludes Babylonice*, which are only navigable when supplied with the waters of the Euphrates by opening the Hindieh canal, the party arrived at Nedjef, a town founded on the site of the ancient Hira, which is held sacred by the Sheah Mahommedans as the burial-place of 'Ali, the son-in-law and successor of Mahommed, who was assassinated at Kufa, a place near at hand, in the fifth year of his khálifát. No less than 80,000 pilgrims are said, at a low average, to flock annually to pay their vows at the magnificent mosque which forms the shrine of the Moslem saint; and from 5000 to 8000 corpses are brought every year from all parts of Persia and elsewhere, to earn heaven and its houris by turning to dust in contact with the dead khálif. The bodies are carried in boxes covered with coarse felt, slung one or two on each side of a mule, with a ragged conductor smoking and singing cheerily on the top. The consequence of this progress, which lasts frequently weeks and months, under a broiling sun, is of course the necessity of filling more boxes and employing more mules; but life is held cheap in the East, and it brings grist to the mill of the reverend proprietors of the cemetery. The fees they charge are worthy of the dean and chapter at Westminster, being not less than from 5*l.* to 100*l.* per burial. Under the protection of Táhir Bey, the military governor of the district, and his Turkish troops, the party were permitted to enter the court of the mosque, which is a mass of rich and brilliant polychromatic decoration. The tomb itself the infidels were not permitted to defile with their eyes. Their admission at all into the sacred place nearly excited a tumult in the Persian crowd;



but the bey, like a pious follower of Omar, was only too happy to make the Sheahs "eat dirt" at the hands of the Giaour, or Ghyáwr, as Mr. Loftus writes it, after a Welsh, but no doubt more correct, manner. The Ghyáwr, notwithstanding, did not get off scot-free; for while the tents were being struck, they were suddenly assailed by the most foul and unbearable stench; "several persons retched violently, all being more or less affected." A pile of the Nedjef merchandise, coffins, and their contents, had been sweltering in the sun while the accustomed bargain was being driven with the authorities; and though hidden from sight by an enclosure, the morning breeze had wafted intelligence to the noses and stomachs of the Firenghé, who rushed to their horses, and amid a salute from the garrison galloped with all haste into the pure atmosphere of the desert.

On their return, the travellers touched at Kerbella, another Sheah place of pilgrimage, and a shade more aristocratic as a burial-place than Nedjef. Here Husséyn, also a sháhíd, or martyr, was enshrined; but popular feeling was so excited by news which outran the arrival of the visitors, that it was deemed imprudent to attempt entering the mosque. They proceeded, however, to a small oratory called the tent of 'Ali, outside the gates, where two Persian mullas (mollahs) objected to their entering with boots. To avoid insulting the priests, the Europeans abstained from going beyond the veranda; but the opportunity was too tempting to the Sunné Turkish officer who accompanied them, so he walked boldly in, boots and all. "By 'Ali's beard, why do you enter this clean and holy place to pollute it with your unclean feet?" said one of the guardians in angry expostulation. "My boots are quite as clean as your filthy floor. Look, see the dirt upon it! When you clean your floor, I'll take off my boots; but I am not going to soil my feet to please you." We hope the moral inculcated by the contemptuous Osmanli will not be lost upon certain Transatlantic cousins, who scrape their shoes, but spit on their carpets. From Kerbella the party returned direct to Bághdád, picking up by the way some Persian ladies with their attendants, who were anxious to have the advantage of such escort. To the oriental lady our author is decidedly not complimentary; and we confess his graphic description savours of the inelegant:—astride on a mule, enveloped in a huge blue cotton cloak, her face covered with a white or black mask, her feet in wide yellow boots, these last thrust into yellow slippers, her knees up to her chin, and holding on by the animal's scanty mane! Shade of Diana Vernon, what an object! On foot, the boots and slip-



pers compel Zuleika or Fatimeh to slide and roll like "a duck in a pond, or a bundle of clothes on short thick stilts." For the rest of the picture, the mind and manners that belong to these fair forms, Mr. Loftus refers us to such European ladies as have penetrated the privacy of the harem. The native Christian ladies he can say something about himself: "I remember on one occasion seeing an Armenian beauty at a fête presented with a choice bouquet. On receiving it, she languidly rose from the embroidered ottoman; and then, to the utmost surprise and indignation of the giver, deliberately sat upon it." Ah, Mr. Loftus, Mr. Loftus, were not *you*, sir, the indignant swain whose hopes and roses were simultaneously crushed at one unhappy sitting? But we spare your blushes, and hasten to graver matter.

In December, when the commission was at last in a position to move, it was arranged that the diplomatic party should be conveyed to Mohammerah, the southern point of the disputed boundary-line, by the Hon. East India Company's armed steamer *Nitocris*. The mules, horses, and servants, were to proceed by land, under the escort of the troop of cavalry appointed by the Turkish government. As the route chosen lay through Lower Mesopotamia, a district little visited by Europeans, Mr. Loftus proposed to join the overland party, and obtained a willing consent from Colonel Williams. The troops, however, to our author's great disappointment, received counter orders to take the ordinary route by the west of the Euphrates; but by the assistance of an amiable 'Agha, he was supplied with eight Bashí Bázúks, and a couple of kettle-drummers, and with this procession left the bazaars of Hillah in due oriental state to pursue his own course. Having drummed him outside the suburban date-groves, the musicians, to his great joy, took their leave on receipt of a small bakhshish, and returned to the bosoms of their families. It was not without considerable difficulty that the journey was accomplished; but the perils of unruly Arabs and tyrannical pashas were overcome by the perseverance and courage of the Englízi, and he arrived in safety at Zobeir; whence, crossing the noble Shat-el-Aráb, the combined stream of the Tigris and Euphrates, he joined the commissioners at Mohammerah in Persia. Owing to the usual neglect and ignorance of the Turkish authorities, all commerce has nearly ceased; the only vessels that anchor in these deep waters are a couple of English merchantmen, with a frigate now and then from the East India Company's squadron in the Persian Gulf.

The space enclosed between the waters of the Euphrates and the Yusufièh Canal is wonderfully rich in ancient remains,

—those of Hammám, Tel Ede, Warka, and Sinkara, being nearly within sight at the same time; and some miles below the last, on the opposite side of the river, are the ruins of Múgeyer, which have yielded most important records. It was here that in 1854 Mr. Taylor, after having in vain pierced to the very heart of the great tower, found at last in a niche formed by the omission of one brick in the layer six feet below the surface a perfect inscribed cylinder. This led him to try the other corners; and from each, in precisely the same position, he secured a like commemorative record. Guided by this hint, Colonel Rawlinson in the following autumn disinterred without difficulty four cylinders from the corners of a platform at the Birs Nimrúd, to the surprise of his Arab workmen, who no doubt attributed the Ghyáwr's success to his acquaintance with the magical arts. It may be interesting to add, that the Múgeyer cylinders have enabled Colonel Rawlinson to reconcile the scriptural account of the taking of Babylon under Baltassar (Bel-shar-ezer), the last Chaldean king, with the account of Berosus, who makes Nabonidus, in that capacity, surrender himself to Cyrus in the city of Borsippa. The cylinders, as read by Sir H. Rawlinson, distinctly state that Bel-shar-ezer was the eldest son of Nabonidus, and was admitted to a share of the government, thus being regent over Babylonia, and to all intents king of the Chaldees. All these ruins were visited in his hasty journey, and not unprofitably, by Mr. Loftus and his companion Mr. Churchill; and at Warka, till then unknown to European visitors, they spent two days, making a careful map, with notes and drawings; its immense size, and the enormous accumulations of strange sepulchral remains, satisfying them that it was only second in rank to Babylon and Nineveh.

The report made to Colonel Williams caused him readily to accede to a suggestion that excavations should be tried on a small scale, and he liberally supplied the funds necessary for the purpose. At Busrah, therefore, Mr. Loftus purchased implements, and such trifles as might aid in his intercourse with the Arabs; and having convinced himself by experience that he was safer among them unaccompanied by the hated Turkish troops, he set out with a party of nine, including his servant Ovannes, an Armenian Christian, who spoke seven of the native languages fluently. On reaching Súk-esh-Sheioukh, he sought an interview with the sheik of the Muntefik tribes, in whose district Warka and Sinkara are situated; and was graciously received by him. Sheik Fahád appears to have been a very magnificent personage, tall, handsome, well-dressed, and of dignified and courteous manners,—a model



chief for a warlike and powerful race. Soft-sawder notwithstanding is not without effect in the desert itself; a well-applied outpour of thanks for previous hospitality, and a hint that a favour shown to the speaker was in fact an exhibition of friendship and esteem to the sultan of the stranger's country, did his business. "I am your slave," responded the sheik; "some Arabs are dogs; but the tribes of the Muntefik are my servants; you and your property are as safe with them as in the shelter of my own tent." A letter of instructions to a subordinate officer was written by the great man's secretary, and duly sealed; and this done, a few compliments brought this very satisfactory interview to a close.

It was now winter in the Arab plains, the thermometer standing below the freezing-point; and it was absolutely necessary for the horsemen frequently to dismount and walk, in order to keep up the circulation. The wind, passing over a soil strongly impregnated with nitrous salts, becomes so intensely chilling, that the Arabs, with their bare feet resting in large iron stirrups, were completely benumbed, "frequently falling from their faithful mares, and requiring to be again lifted into their saddles;" the same coarse abba which shades them in summer being their only protection against the cold of winter. After a couple of days' journey, Mr. Loftus delivered his credentials to Sheik Dehbí, Fahád's deputy, at Dúráj, and organised a party of excavators for his proceedings at Warka. These were continued incessantly for three weeks, and resumed on a subsequent visit to some little extent; but although much has been thus brought to light of value and interest, a great deal more remains to be done; and the disinterment of this wonderful city of the dead must only be looked upon as commenced.

The four cities founded by Nemroud are enumerated in the book of Genesis (c. x.) as Babylon, Arach, Achad, and Chalanne in the land of Sennaar (Shinar). About 120 miles south-east of Babylon are the enormous piles of mounds called Warka. Sir H. Rawlinson states his belief that Warka is Arach, though he has been unable to read its cuneiform name with precision; but it is generally designated as "the city" *par excellence*. "The name Warka," says Mr. Loftus, "is derivable from Erech (Arach) without unnecessary contortion. The original Hebrew word, 'Erk,' or 'Ark,' is transformed into 'Warka,' either by changing the *aleph* into *vau*, or by simply prefixing the *vau* for the sake of euphony, as is customary in the conversion of Hebrew names to Arabic." Of the high antiquity of the ruins there cannot be a shadow of doubt; and the best authorities appear to agree in ad-



mitting the strong probability that they constitute the remains of the Arach of Nemroud. On a slightly raised tract of desert soil, ten miles in breadth, stand Warka, Sinkara, Tel Ede, and Hammám, all unapproachable except from November to March, when the Euphrates assumes its lowest level. The desolation and solitude of Warka are even greater than of Babylon: no tree gives shade; no blade of grass yields pasture; the shrivelled lichen alone clings to the weathered surface of the broken bricks; the eagle, the jackal, and the hyæna shun its spectral tombs. Amidst the waste, the boundaries of the city proper are marked out by an irregular circle of earthy rampart nearly six miles in circumference, and in some places forty feet high. Three miles beyond may be traced what were once suburbs; but the principal buildings are situated on an extensive platform of undulating mounds, occupying the greater part of the area enclosed within the walls. The most central, lofty, and ancient of these buildings is a tower 200 feet square, built entirely of sun-dried bricks, there being no external facing of kiln-baked brickwork, as is usual in Babylonian structures; but the necessary support was afforded by four great buttresses of flat bricks cemented in bitumen, each being inscribed with eight lines of early cuneiform characters. These record the dedication of the edifice to "Sin," the moon, by Uruk king of Chaldea, probably 2230 B.C.

For the singular "Wuswas" building, and other vast monuments of Babylonian or Sassanian architects, we must refer the reader to Mr. Loftus himself, who certainly made good use of his time and his unmanageable corps of "navvies." But we must not pass over Warka, as being by far the most important of the sepulchral cities which abound in Lower Chaldea. From the absence of tombs in the Assyrian mounds, Mr. Loftus infers that the Assyrians carried their dead to the sacred places in the Chaldean marshes down the Tigris and Euphrates, from the same motives which induce the Persians at the present day to seek the shrines of Kerbella and Meshed, as the only fitting abodes for the ashes of the orthodox disciples of 'Ali. The accumulation at Warka is enormous: "It is difficult to convey any thing like a correct notion of the piles upon piles of human relics which there utterly astound the beholder. Excepting only the triangular space between the three principal ruins, the whole remainder of the platform, the whole space between the walls, and an unknown extent of desert beyond them, are every where filled with the bones and sepulchres of the dead." When a depth of thirty feet in the loose soil rendered it dangerous to continue the exca-

vations, the funereal remains were as plentiful as ever. The earliest form of sepulchral vase or sarcophagus is the large vase known as the "Babylonian urn," lined inside with bitumen, and having the mouth covered with bricks. Another early form resembles a dish-cover resting on a projecting rim. On carefully removing the cover, the skeleton is found generally reclining on the left side; but trussed like a fowl, in order to fit the shape of the lid. But the most singular is the glazed-earthenware coffin, which, in fragments and entire, occurs in countless numbers, and appears to have superseded the ruder descriptions of burial-vases. These coffins are exactly slipper-shaped, the upper end having an oval aperture some two feet in its largest diameter for the admission of the body, furnished with a depressed ledge for the reception of a lid, which was cemented with lime-mortar. The upper surface of both coffin and lid is generally covered with plain or ornamental ridges, forming many square panels, in each of which is a small embossed figure of a warrior. The exterior is covered with a green enamel, the interior with blue; the former probably being changed by long exposure. The material is yellow clay mixed with straw, and half baked. The Arabs have long been attracted by the gold ornaments which these coffins contain, and break and destroy numbers every year for the purpose of rifling them. Mr. Loftus had extreme difficulty in obtaining perfect specimens for the British Museum; those near the surface of the ground being considerably weathered, and those below saturated with moisture, so that both fell to pieces in the attempt to stir them, in spite of every endeavour to secure them by poles and pieces of carpet or abbas tied round them. A hundred or so were demolished, when by a lucky thought a coating of several layers of paper was pasted on one selected for experiment; and a few hours proved that success had been attained, to the unbounded delight of all parties concerned. The coffin could be moved with safety, and was carried off in triumph by a shouting, dancing, and yelling crowd, spear in hand, and reached the tents in safety; though the frantic capers of the excited Arabs exposed it to infinite dangers in its transit. Many interesting objects occur in and around the coffins; personal ornaments of gold, glass bottles and dishes, lamps, Parthian coins, jars, and jugs of extremely elegant forms, steel and flint of the shape now in use, terracotta figures, and tablets. Eight of the latter contained, in a broad border round a central inscription, the impressions of very many small but well-executed seals, heads, animals, deities, and such-like. The inscriptions Sir H. Rawlinson



states to be matter relating entirely to the domestic economy of the temples; but he recognises Greek names in Babylonian characters beneath many of the seals, and dates of Seleucus and Antiochus the Great; so that cuneiform writing was still in use 200 years B.C.

From Warka Mr. Loftus proceeded to Sinkara and Tel Sifr; and in both excavations were conducted with good result. At the latter clay tablets were found, about six inches by three in dimensions, inscribed in minute cuneiform characters, and placed in an envelope, also of clay, completely enclosing them, and itself inscribed in like manner. Impressions of cylindrical seals are found along the margin and four edges of the envelope. A cursory examination only has been made of these strange records; but they appear to be documents of private persons about 1600 years B.C., in the first Chaldean empire. Having rejoined the commissioners at Mohammerah, and despatched his collection of antiquities to England, Mr. Loftus was next desired by Colonel Williams to visit Susa with his friend Mr. Churchill, and try what could be done in the way of digging at the great mounds of Shúsh. Being furnished with letters from the British and Persian commissioners to the authorities at Shúster and Dizfúl, the two great Persian cities in the plain of Arábistán, he took his departure accordingly. The travellers arrived at Shúster in due course, and were feasted by the great men of the place; though the jealousy of the green-turbaned descendants of the prophet was excited by the very mention of the name Shúsh. An entertainment, however, was at times somewhat trying: kaliyúnes, or water-pipes, tea sweetened to syrup, more pipes, much talk, and then, in this land of cholera, green cucumbers and sour apricots, more pipes, a cup of coffee, and good-by. "We both fortunately survived that day," adds our author feelingly, "and rode to our tents to get 'something to eat.'" Sometimes they had enough, and more than enough, of chilau, pilau, and lamb stuffed with rice, almonds, and raisins. Tea and sherbet are the sole drink at these fêtes; but for all that the taste of strong waters is not unknown. On one occasion, after a journey in the rain, a bottle of sherry and one of brandy was placed on the Ghyáwr's table. "The governor's brother entered in his usual sedate manner, and took a seat. He desired to know the contents of the bottles; a glass of sherry was poured out, which he drank and pronounced *khúb*, 'good.' A second was *khilé khúb*, *bísíar khúb*, 'extremely good.' But he asked to taste the other bottle;—that was *béh ! béh ! béh !* Then he tried a glass of sherry; then a glass of brandy. Finally he seized



both bottles, and mixed the liquors in the same glass; nor did he desist until the whole contents had disappeared. Not content with this, he asked for more; but this was of course refused him. He was ultimately supported from the room by an old domestic, who exhibited great concern that Ghyáwrs should see his master in his cups. We afterwards learned that previously to joining our party he had imbibed eleven glasses of raw 'arak!"

Owing to the distrust with which Mr. Loftus and his companion were watched at Shúsh, they were unable to open a single trench before the arrival of Colonel Williams and his party, who, after an extended stay at Mohammerah, visited Dizfúl, the rock-sculptures of Bisútún, the ruins of Persepolis, and other places. On their return to Dizfúl a firman was obtained, and excavations commenced at Shúsh on a large scale under favourable auspices. Of the primitive history of Shushan, Susa, Sús, or Shúsh, by all of which names it appears, little is known beyond the fact that here was the original capital of the descendants of Elam, the son of Sem. About 650 B.C. the conquest of Susiana, under the name of "Maddaktu," and the taking of the city "Shushan," is recorded in the bas-reliefs of Ashur-bani-pal king of Assyria, discovered at Nineveh. It is clear that during the sway of the Persian kings, from the time of Cyrus, Susa rivalled the former glories of Nineveh and Babylon. Herodotus makes Aristagoras tempt Cleomenes king of Sparta to join the Ionians in attacking Darius, by describing "Susa, where the Persian monarch occasionally resides, and where his treasures are deposited: make yourself master of this city, and you may vie in influence with Jupiter himself." But perhaps the most interesting portion of the history of Susa is its connection with the story of Esther. There appears to be every reason for believing in the identity of Xerxes with the Assuerus of the Bible, by whom the Jewish maiden was raised to the throne, and through whom so signal a vengeance was wrought on the enemies of her people; seven hundred being slain in Susan the city, and seventy-five thousand in the provinces. The labours of Colonel Williams and our author resulted in the discovery of the ruins of a vast and magnificent palace, in which the positions of sixty-six columns were determined with accuracy, and sufficient fragments exhumed to restore the various details of one capital and shaft, which was identical, save in a few small particulars, with the external groups at Persepolis, examples of which may be studied in Mr. Fergusson's restoration at the Crystal Palace. On the square pedestals are trilingual inscriptions—the Scythic being

on the western side, the Persian on the southern, the Babylonian eastward; the north side remaining blank. These records are much defaced; but enough remains to enable Mr. Norris to give a translation which he says is "not very far from the truth," and which asserts that Artaxerxes, the son of Darius, by the aid of Ormazd, placed the effigies of Tanaitis and Mithra in the temple. Mr. Loftus dwells on the great probability that it was here, among the pillars of marble in the court of the garden of Shushan the palace, when the king "was merry, and after very much drinking was well warmed with wine," that the disobedience of Vashti raised Esther to the queenly dignity; and he certainly makes out a strong case. But for the rest we must now refer to the book itself, as our space is exhausted; assuring the general reader that he need not be deterred by the look of a few hard words and queer-looking characters from the perusal of an interesting narrative, which will not only rub up his history, but add to his knowledge of the manners and customs of the true believers. Alas for the lands that are scourged by hateful Moslem rulers! Sick men or sound, allies or enemies, speedy destruction to them all! and may the Cross once again sanctify the polluted country of the patriarchs and the prophets; and a bishop, as of old time, take his seat in the city of Esther!

*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.* The Egyptians and Assyrians, the Babylonians and Persians, wrote their history, both public and domestic, on stones, and burnt it into clay; and it survives to us. But we,—for it may be that the stream of ages will leave us in our turn stranded behind the historic period,—how will it be with our *paper*-records, when the worldly wisdom of the *Times*, the folly of the *Herald*, Hansard, blue-books, novels, plays, sermons, the "Duke's" despatches, and Mr. M. F. Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*, shall alike have mouldered into dust? Let us hope such a time may never come; or Macaulay's romantic New Zealander, who is to sit on a broken bridge and contemplate the ruins of St. Paul's, may lecture to a Maorie antiquarian society of the peculiarities of the strange race who confined their lapidary inscriptions to the enumeration of the virtues of the dead in places of mortuary deposit, while they decorated the highways with brazen tablets, which, cleansed by careful manipulation from the *æru*go of centuries, yield the following important results: "Tomkins, tailor; John Wiggins, dairy-fed pork."

## WHATELY ON BACON.

*Bacon's Essays with Annotations:* by R. Whately, D.D.  
London: J. W. Parker.

DR. WHATELY is in many respects a remarkable man; but from the first he was spoiled by an affectation of eccentricity and singularity, and at last his gray hairs, instead of being a crown of glory, have become a very Medusa's wig of hissing snakes, as hostile to Popery as the old serpent himself. Such is the end of the false liberalism with which he commenced. He was a man who could never argue like other people: his peculiar historic doubts concerning the existence of Napoleon Bonaparte are a type of the serious paradoxical thoughts natural to his organisation. While still a fellow of Oriel College, he used, as the tradition runs, to apologise for the indulgence of a somewhat remarkable appetite, on the ground that such a course was the very best preservative against scarcity. If all men, said he, only eat just so much as they needed, farmers would sow and fatten only enough to provide that quantity; in such a case, a bad season would leave mankind in a state of starvation; whereas if every person made it a rule to eat twice as much as he wanted, a half crop or a murrain would, instead of leaving him in a state of famine, merely put him for a season on his natural allowance. This quizzical humour was, we believe, carried out in his conduct. Admiring youngsters have described to us how, even after his accession to his dignities, the comical Archbishop would make his after-dinner entrance to the drawing-room by a sudden vault over an ottoman, to the scandal of the aged female sitting thereon; how at an inaugural dinner at Dublin, given by the corporation to celebrate the double solemnity of the accession of a new viceroy and a new archbishop, the latter functionary would entertain the vice-queen during the whole dinner with an elaborate dissertation on prize-fighting; and how in the first years of his residence in Dublin,—bizarre and outré in his amusements as in his arguments,—he would astonish the gaping crowd with his athletic activity and attempt to rival the Australian savage in his use of the boomerang. Whether he could ever attain the excellence of his models, and bring down birds with the weapon, we cannot say; we have, however, heard that he has at least been known to frighten the phoenix with the erratic and eccentric course of the skimming missile.



Of course we cannot vouch for the accuracy of any of these reports; we give them as they come to us, as a representation if not of the true nature of the man, at least of the impression and stamp which he has left on the minds of persons not at all indisposed to sympathise with him.

Neither do we mention these things in disparagement of Dr. Whately, but in illustration of his peculiar mind and method of argument. Eccentricity, and shooting round the corner, are the characteristics of his course and of his aims. He never went direct to the mark in his life. For this cause his admirers do well to cull sentences and pages from his works, and to publish them as the "beauties of Whately." His individual bricks are well squared, well burnt, some of them have even the stamp of genius. But his buildings are as singular as Sir Charles Barry's kitchen-clock for the million, with its Chinese pagoda roof, and its bunch of buttercups tied under the wee ball that crowns its height, to nod to the vibrations of Big Ben. Who, for instance, would imagine in perusing his *Logic* that he was gradually working up towards the enforcing of an heretical position regarding the use of the word "person" in theology? Or who would be prepared to find "Bacon's Essays" made the text for an almost continuous tirade against "Romanists" and "Romanism"?—*Stat duplex, nullo completus corpore Chiron*. His works are centaurs, with two bodies, neither complete.

In arguing about Popery, he is careful to follow a maxim which he inculcates, and which is certainly, if rightly conceived, the key to his controversial method. "Romanism," he says, "in order to be understood, should be read backwards." Certainly, in order to understand it as Dr. Whately understands it, and tries to make others understand it also, it must be read backwards. But then this *Credo al rovescio* is no more our profession of faith than the *Pater-noster* said backwards is our prayer. It may be convenient to Dr. Whately thus to represent our system; but after all, facts are facts, and are not wont to be changed because obstinate theorists choose to distort and misrepresent them.

His book opens with a specimen of this inversion. Catholics, he says, first seek unity, and then truth. Now this is either a truism or an absurdity. Most people first accomplish the means, and then seek to enjoy the end: Dr. Whately himself probably has his meat cooked before he eats it; but it would scarcely be fair to say, that his first aim is cookery, and then feeding. We are convinced that God has committed a gift to the Church, and that to enjoy this gift, we must be

united to the Church : we are united to the Church for the one object of the enjoyment of the gift. Unity, then, certainly comes first, and the gift afterwards. But in our intention, the gift is the great object which we seek, unity the means by which alone we can attain it; the gift is primary, unity secondary. Dr. Whately would have more reason, if he said that Protestants first seek private judgment, and then truth; for we believe that many of them would not accept a truth miraculously revealed to them, if it implied a permanent sacrifice of their liberty of thinking as they chose.

But in spite of his willingness to upset and invert all our doctrines, such is the singularity of the man's mind, that in one or two instances he absolutely paints us as we are, even when, if he is consistent to his principle, he intends the reverse. Accidents are so extravagant, that a prophetic spirit may even visit a Caiaphas, and the false high-priest, intending to lie, may for once tell the truth. Such, we take it, is his admission of the principle, that the doctrines of the Church were not first deduced from Scripture, but that the Scripture-deductions were employed as *à posteriori* arguments for the doctrines. The Doctor, of course, puts this as offensively as possible. To expect to convert a papist by showing him the *true* (Whateleian) interpretation of the texts which assert the doctrine of the real presence is, he says, "a very reasonable expectation where the doctrine has sprung from the misinterpretation, but quite otherwise where, as in this case, the misinterpretation has sprung from the doctrine." Dr. Whately, of course, would have the contradictory of this to be the right thing, and would wish all doctrine to spring directly from the interpretation of Scripture. Now see to what a funny opinion this would lead as to the apostolic preaching. St. Peter and St. Paul, according to the Whateleian theory, must have gone about for years preaching somewhat as follows: "We have nothing to tell you, no doctrines to inculcate,—that were to encourage a pernicious tenet that shall hereafter arise about tradition; we have only to prepare your minds for what you shall have as soon as our amanuenses are ready to deliver the copy. We have at present nothing to give you, nothing to tell you, but a great promise to make, a true Evangelium to predict for you. Be ready, be prepared, and you shall see what you shall see. Behold we give you glad tidings of great joy; for unto you shall be given a *Book*! Yes, a book, which you shall read and believe, and live. We will not say that you shall be able to learn any thing definite or incontrovertible from this book beyond a few plain facts, such as the existence of God, and the like. Rather, wicked wags in later



days, seeing the quarrels to which its interpretation shall give rise, shall inscribe this motto on its covers,—

‘*Hic liber est in quo quærit sua dogmata quisque,  
Invenit et pariter dogmata quisque sua.*’

Such is our mission. In order to introduce truth and peace on earth, we have to promise you this Book, which you shall read without note or comment, and which alone shall be your religion. Into this faith we are ready to baptise you—into the faith of the coming Book.”

Then try to fancy the commotion among the wise men when the Book at last arrived. They had to wait long; all the Apostles but one had gone off the scene before it was completed, and ages elapsed before the survivor’s finishing stroke was owned to be a constituent part of the expected volume. However, at last it was complete; and doubtless the Church, whose only faith till now was in the coming Bible, sat down with great unanimity, and with no prejudice, to make its dogmas out of that book. How one sage cries, *εὕρηκα*, I have found it, while another demolishes the incipient structure with a rival text! With what blessed ease, without any tradition to guide them, do they gloss over the verbal contradiction between St. Paul and St. James! With what facility, in that age of the universal belief of the transformation of substances by magical formulæ, do they determine that the words, “This is My body,” cannot imply transubstantiation, because such an idea involves an impossibility!

But here, Dr. Whately would tell us, you bring in the corruptions of human nature. I maintain, he says, that the doctrine just mentioned is not derived from the text, but that it is derived from the innate superstition of man, twisting the Word of God to his own fancies.

But let us inquire: if you cut away tradition on one side, and human nature on the other—(Query, does human nature include Whateleian logic, or are we allowed to use that very pretty instrument in the manufacture of religion?),—if you cut away these two, how and by what rules are you to interpret the Bible? The Apostles are dead; no hearsay tradition is to be allowed; human nature and reason are corrupt; and yet here is the long-promised book newly arrived. How is it to be interpreted? By what process did you get your Protestantism out of it? Not by tradition, nor by the corruption of nature. How then? By Whateleian logic?—but is not this natural, yea, and a corruption of nature? It is all very fine to allow Protestants to be continually arguing with their snappish objections and contradictions to every



thing we say; but let them show us how on their principles Christianity began;—how it came to pass that Christianity, which once was without the Bible, became afterwards the mere emanation of the Bible? We should like to see the process historically traced. We do not see how else it could have been than thus: that as Judaism was faith in the promises of a coming Messias, so præ-printing-press Christianity was faith in a coming book; while its Pentecostal gift is a machine whereby the white pulp of old rags, being put in at one end of it, is transformed, and comes out at the other end Religion. Such is the Protestant transubstantiation—of rags into Religion.

We maintain, in opposition to Whately, that the whole cycle of Christian doctrine was taught and embodied in verbal and material formulæ,—that is, in symbols and ceremonies,—before the Bible was published to Christians; and therefore that there first came oral tradition, embodied in daily commemorations, and then came letters and treatises explanatory of it. These writings were intended to be explained by the established belief, or by the tradition; and in the nature of things could not avoid being so treated. Tradition first brings me the doctrines of the Church, and then she brings me the Bible, which she herself received subsequently to the doctrines, and which she explains by and in accordance with those doctrines. Dr. Whately would probably find it difficult to gainsay this plain fact; so he goes on his acknowledged principle of “reading Romanism backwards,” and puts the cart before the horse, pretending that we only prove tradition by her second act, namely, her testimony to the Scriptures.

“Many,” says the arch-bonze, “defend oral tradition on the ground, that we have the Scriptures themselves by tradition. Would they think that, because they could trust most servants to deliver a letter, however long or important, therefore they could trust them to deliver its contents in a message by word of mouth? Take a familiar case. A footman brings you a letter from a friend, upon whose word you can perfectly rely, giving an account of something that has happened to himself, and the exact truth of which you are greatly concerned to know. While you are reading and answering the letter, the footman goes into the kitchen, and there gives your cook an account of the same thing, which he says he overheard the upper servants at home talking over, as related to them by the valet, who said he had it from your friend’s son’s own lips. The cook relates the story to the groom, and he in turn tells you. Would you judge of that *story* by the letter, or the *letter* by the story?”

This is very smart and very witty; but it partakes of the

general fault of Dr. Whately's arguments; it is *nihil ad rem*, nothing to the purpose, and not true. Just consider what it supposes. There is the individual soul, to which God wishes to make a communication; He therefore sends to it a letter by a footman. Now who or what is this footman? It is no other than the Church, a corporate body, of which the soul in question may perhaps aspire to be a member,—say the billionth part. Yet this soul—this unit against millions—is forsooth the master, and the millions are the footman. This soul has direct communication with God, and the other millions have simply received from Him a sealed letter, and have only learned its contents from the kitchen-conversation of the valet and the cook! These millions obsequiously bring to the single soul enthroned in its solitary pride (it must be a Protestant soul, or it would never have got into such isolation) the sealed book, and say: "O happy soul! to whom it is reserved to look on that which is forbidden to our eyes, to receive a communication never made to us, receive this book. To you only is it given to peruse the contents; we know nothing about them but what we have learned through indirect channels. Open it and read, and judge for yourself about the meaning thereof."

And then the best of the joke is, that the soul, after it has received and studied and understood and believed the book, and become a member of the Church, and in union with God, a scholar of the Holy Spirit, and a partaker of the unction whereby wisdom is given, must dissemble all this knowledge; must become an infinitesimal fraction of a footman; and must, as one of the deputation, carry the same book to the next soul, pretending to know nothing of it, never to have seen the inside, and to have only indirect evidence of the contents. For the Church is a footman, a menial in the house of God; whereas the individual soul, the mere fragment, the single component atom of the mighty mass, is the lord,—the proud potentate, whose humble servant the whole Church is to become. This is certainly a new application of the *Servus servorum Dei*.

But to pass by this absurdity of the eccentric dignitary, we shall find his unfairness as remarkable as his foolishness. "Would you judge," he says, "of the story by the letter, or of the letter by the story?" Why that would depend upon the language of the letter. Suppose the writer said: "I have not time to write you a fuller account, but the bearer will fill up the gaps, supply details, and explain difficulties;" then you would be a fool to refuse to apply to the bearer. Now, as a matter of fact, the New Testament does speak of the

Church in this way: it speaks of *vivá voce* explanations and traditions, and tells us to listen to the Church. No, says Dr. Whately; the Church has only a second-hand story; it can tell us nothing. On the contrary, our Lord says, "I am with you all days, even to the end of the world." "He that heareth you heareth Me." And yet her voice is only the voice of a footman, retailing the gossip of the upper servants. Verily, Dr. Whately, you are a flippant blasphemer!

And the reasoning is as contemptible as the matter. In spite of his being the author of a shallow book on logic, and of verbose dissertations on the fallacies, he commits every moment the enormous fallacy of mistaking a happy illustration for an argument, and of fancying that he has proved Popery a fabrication, because leaves are green, or because footmen tell cock-and-bull stories of their masters' affairs. But when logic is systematically applied to prop up a bad cause, it is sure gradually to get bad. No wonder, then, that the only rule of Aldrich in vogue with Oxford divines should be, *Sectetur partem conclusio deteriore*,—Let the conclusion be on the worse side. No wonder that they should be sworn enemies of the four figures and twenty-four modes,—impugners of Barbara, Celarent, Cesare, and Bramantip, and patient of nothing but Baroko. No wonder that their favourite figures should be the *nihil ad rem*, *æquivocatio*, *amphibologia*, *ignoratio elenchi*, *non causa pro causa*, *petitio principii*, and the like. No wonder that the sciences which they chiefly affect for illustrations should be the peculiar Protestant ologies, pseudology, battology, mattology, and cacology,—specimens of each of which might with small pains be easily culled from the work before us.

We have only room for a delicious example of mattology, or foolish-speaking, which may be found at p. 72. "Even supposing," says the learned pundit, "there were some spiritual advantage in celibacy, it ought to be completely voluntary from day to day, and not to be enforced by a life-long vow. For in this case, even though a person should not repent of such a vow, no one can be sure that there is not such repentance. Supposing that even a large majority of priests and monks and nuns have no desire to marry, every one of them may not unreasonably be suspected of such a desire; and no one of them, consequently, can be secure against the most odious suspicions." We recommend this argument to all Christian socialists, and enemies of the inviolability of the marriage-contract. Surely matrimony too ought to be completely voluntary from day to day, and not



enforced by a life-long vow. For though possibly Dr. Whately may not be tired of Mrs. W., no one can be sure that he is not sick of her. And even though he has no desire to change his wife, he may not unreasonably be suspected of such a desire, and consequently can never be secure against the most odious suspicions. We recommend this twaddler to take care, lest in opposing Popery he finds himself unawares sapping the foundations, not only of all society and all faith, but also of what is of more importance to him—of his own family comfort—into the bargain.

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## Short Notices.

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### THEOLOGY.

*Theophania ; or a Scriptural View of the Manifestation of the Logos, or pre-existent Messiah.* By Twinrock Elmlicht, Esq. (Richardson.) Notwithstanding the oddity of the *nom-de-guerre* assumed by the author of this solid volume, his work is a remarkable production. Every biblical critic is aware that different opinions have always been held, not only among Catholic but among Protestant critics, as to the right interpretation of the many passages in the Old Testament describing some special manifestation of the Divine Presence through a visible agency. The questions involved have nothing to do with the nature of the prophetic gift, commonly so called ; but are concerned with those cases in which the term “angel,” or some kindred phraseology, is usually employed ; the point in discussion being, how far those supernatural events are to be regarded as manifestations of the presence of Almighty God in the person of the Eternal Son. Many scenes are recorded in Scripture in which forms were shown, or voices addressed to the outward senses, or their ideas impressed upon the mind. The author’s object is to discuss all these instances, and determine in what cases the attributes described are inseparable from our ideas of an immediate manifestation of the Divinity, and in what the forms and voices are to be attributed to angelic ministers. We cannot pretend to pass any definite judgment on a book requiring, both in reader and writer, so much study ; but we may safely say, that it shows an unusually attentive and anxious study of the Holy Scriptures, with no little learning and critical acumen. It is, in fact, taken altogether, a very striking and suggestive publication. Like many critics, the author, who is a Catholic, is pretty positive that he is right ; but if a man were not so firmly convinced, he would have little heart to undertake the labour requisite for such a work.

*Shadows of the Rood ; or, Types of our suffering Redeemer Jesus Christ occurring in the Book of Genesis.* By the Rev. John Bonus, B.D. (Louvain). (London, Richardson). This is a charming book ; thoughtful, and in many respects original, because it re-opens treasures which have been long closed to the ordinary Catholic reader. The

author takes the lessons of Genesis, which are read by the Church during Lent; and by the light of the fathers, the medieval theologians, and the hymns and antiphons of the Breviary, shows how they are prophetic types of the sufferings of our Lord. We venture to say, that the most meditative of our readers will be quite startled with the multitude of new but obvious applications of the inspired text which the author's extensive acquaintance with the medieval writers has enabled him to produce. His style is compressed and somewhat quaint; and his habit of quoting the Vulgate, and appending a translation adapted to his present purpose, gives him great freedom of exposition. We cordially recommend this little volume for Lent reading.

*Catechism of the Diocese of Paris.* Translated by M. J. Percy. Fifth Thousand. (London, Richardson.) This is an admirable catechism, which has been long and extensively known; we could wish its use were universal. The very popularity of the book seems to have thrown a difficulty into the way of remedying what is now an inadequate expression: we presume that the plates are stereotyped, otherwise in this edition we should scarcely read at page 290, concerning the immaculate conception, "such is the common opinion, an opinion authorised by the Church."

*An Abridgment of the Catechism of Perseverance.* Translated by Lucy Ward. (London, Dolman.) This book has gained the approbation of the most illustrious prelates of the Church, as well as that of the most experienced educators. Inspector Stokes, in whose good judgment we have the greatest confidence, recommends all pupil-teachers to master either this or Keenan's *Catechism of the Christian Religion*, or some similar work. We know that no criticisms of ours can injure its sale, otherwise we should be silent as to a defect in it which we lament. It is this: the lessons on the Creation (Nos. 4 to 11) are so *rococo*, that, considering the circumstances of the present day, we cannot help thinking them dangerous to faith. If children are to be brought up with M. Gaume's notions of science, the simplest elementary treatise on geology or astronomy will be a hard trial to them, and ought to be placed on the Index. Surely it is worse than useless to teach a child what the man must either unlearn, or, if he perseveres in believing, must be content to be a stranger to the intellectual movement of the present day. Cannot the profound simplicity of Moses either be religiously preserved, or, if expanded, developed into a less antiquated system than the following? "When God made the world what it is, it was altogether bare, without ornament, without inhabitants, surrounded on all sides with deep waters, and these waters were enveloped in a dense mist. Then He caused a portion of those waters to rise upwards, and left the others below on the earth. Then He placed the sea in its bed, and commanded the earth to appear, and clothed it with herbs. It was then nothing more than a meadow; but it suddenly became an immense orchard, planted with all sorts of trees, loaded with fruits of a thousand different kinds;" and so forth. Or, to take the science: need we be referred to "Desdoutis, *Livre de la Nature*, tom. iii. p. 309," for the novel fact, that "in seven or eight minutes light travels many millions of leagues"? as if Macaulay were to quote Pinnock's *Catechism* as authority for the fact that Paris is the capital of France. We are told, too, that we each of us bear on our heads (!) a column of air of twenty-one thousand pounds weight, which only does not crush us because the air in our bodies maintains an equilibrium with that which is above us." Surely, if a child can understand this, he can understand the Copernican theory too, and need not be

taught that "the sun rises every day, and makes its revolution with great rapidity." Worse still are the reflections on the uses of the parts of the universe. The universe is made for man; but the parts of the universe are made for the whole. How absurd is it to teach that the reason why God created the light, the great constituent agent of the material world, was "to enable us to enjoy the magnificent spectacle of the universe, to give colour to objects, to give beauty to our garments and the decorations of our houses; or that the uses of the air are, 1st, to enable us to smell, and to distinguish good food from bad; 2dly, to convey sound, and enable us speak and hear, then to be a pump; and 3dly (?) and lastly, to enable us to live by respiration!" As if any one could assign the final causes, the reasons and uses of things; as if the universe would be the universe at all without light and air. In like manner we are told, "God made the grass green *because* green is most agreeable to the eye; had it been red, white, or black, it would have been painful to the sight." Why may it not be agreeable to the sight because the sight was adapted to the green grass? But these faults are confined to a very small portion of the volume; and the great excellence of the rest quite makes up for these shortcomings. As a theological catechism we are happy to add our humble subscription to the testimonials of its utility.

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#### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

*Arnold; a Dramatic History.* By Cradock Newton. (Hope and Co.) There is so much that is good in this dramatic history, that Mr. Newton would do well to take pen in hand and rigidly strike out every phrase which he considers eminently original. We do not mean every idea that he thinks original; far from it. It is his queer words and questionable grammar which want the pruning-knife. For instance, why invent such an adjective as "sun-toiled," or forget that to "pine" is not an active verb? The poem, moreover, is overdone with imagery, indicating, with the defects already mentioned, that its author wants experience, and that culture of the faculty of taste which natural genius rarely supplies. With all this, *Arnold* is a dramatic poem abounding with tokens of acuteness, thought, and imagination. If the imagination is too exuberant, and the thought indicates a mind not yet at rest, the whole is a work of promise, conveying a favourable impression both of the author and his abilities.

*Notes on the Education Question.* By the Right Rev. Bishop Ullathorne. (London, Richardson.) Education is recognised by all thinking persons as the great question of the day, and whoever has any remarks to offer upon it ought to be able to count upon a patient and equitable hearing; much more so, if he speaks with the wide experience, the clear judgment, and the official authority, of the author of these notes; who, however, does not write *ex cathedra*, but, on the contrary, says that "these chapters are written in the spirit of inquiry, and to promote inquiry. They have no authority beyond their argument; they are simply notes."

The question discussed is clearly stated. Whereas aid implies control, —and our schools accept aid from three sources: local subscribers, the Poor-School Committee, and the government,—the inquiry is, whether it is worth while to accept the aid of government at the cost of the controlling influences which we must in return concede to it?



The two chapters on inspection and on building-grants contain the direct reflections on this subject. The author, while accepting government inspection, as long as it is completely optional, declines the building-grant, which gives the government the permanent right.\* But we cannot help thinking that he clogs the simple inspection with a condition the possibility of which would prove the practicability of the Manchester scheme, of a total separation of religious instruction from education. He calls the attention of the inspectors to the order that they are to report on the secular instruction only, and then appears to complain that this order has been in some degree violated by both Mr. Marshall and Mr. Stokes, who have certainly alluded to the religious training given in some schools in their reports. But these allusions are so excessively innocent, that to disallow them seems to us equivalent to requiring the inspector to cast religion entirely out of his thoughts during his examination and his composition of the report. Now, if this feat is possible for the examiner, why not for the teacher? and if for the teacher, why not for the scholar? and if for the teacher and scholar, why set your face against mixed schools, with exclusively secular education and with adventitious religious instruction interpolated between the gymnastics and the music-lesson? Why insist on the inspectors being Catholics, if their religion is to be entirely forgotten during the inspection? Surely nothing can so tend to increase the impulse given to the secular element of education by the inspector, and to diminish the interest of both teachers and pupils in the religious element, as the literal enforcing of this condition. The infringements adduced by the author are perhaps transgressions of the letter, scarcely of the spirit of the inspector's commission. And the government report,—a document, by the way, addressed far more to those school-managers whom it may concern than to the officials of the government,—does not seem an unfitting place to commend certain religious books, or the practice of reciting hymns, and the epistle and gospel of the Sunday, or the precision, knowledge, and delicacy with which certain questions of moral philosophy and Scripture history were answered; unless you wish the whole machinery of government inspection to be applied to the exclusive development of the secular element, and the discouragement of the religious element, in our schools. The concluding sentence of this valuable pamphlet, which embodies the two main conclusions of the arguments, is as follows: "The clue to guide us through the labyrinth is, the independent tenure of the school. And the surest guarantee of Catholic teaching will be, the use of our own books."

*The Life and Opinions of General Sir Charles J. Napier, G.C.B.* By Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Napier. Four vols. (London, Murray.) Though there is a violence about all the Napiers, which, pushed only a little further, would almost justify a suspicion of lurking insanity, it must be conceded that Sir Charles Napier (not the one who did not take Cronstadt) was a great man, both in his actions, as the world already allows, and in a lesser degree in his writings, as appears by his most interesting letters and journals in these volumes. He was nurtured amidst a maddening excitement and scenes of horror, which made a profound impression upon him. It was in Ireland, where, previous to the outbreak of 1798, the soldiers were let loose to live at free quarters; the yeomanry, animated by a sectarian fanaticism, were exceedingly ferocious; and magistrates, for the most part partisans, acted with great

\* Surely not a permanent right of inspecting the studies, but only of ascertaining from time to time that the building is *bonâ fide* used as a school.

violence and cruelty. Poor men were frequently brought into Celbridge (where the Napiers lived) dead, or dying of their wounds, having been wantonly shot while labouring in the fields by passing soldiers or yeomen, and there was no redress. These scenes implanted in him a lasting hatred of the oligarchic and selfish government of England, which was always openly expressed, and did not conduce to his advance in life. His letters are full of passages where this feeling comes out. "Some regiments," he writes in 1807, "are not permitted to take Irish volunteers, which appears as if they were specially appropriated for half-hanging and flogging, and cutting of throats, for burnings and robberies, and other little government details. What an intolerable system of ruling!" Among his other opinions, his rabid hatred of popery comes out at times into strong relief, though apparently it is but a reflection and concentration of his heathenish disdain for religion in general, and the Church of England in particular. He talks of the "Pope surrounded by his bloated parsons," just as if the sting was not meant for Rome so much as for Canterbury. This hatred of "priests" is just as strong in the case of Anglican bishops as of cardinals; and after all, his insane words were more than compensated by his just actions when he had the power of acting. Thus he wrote from Scinde in 1843 to the Bombay government: "The troops in Scinde are in want of pastors. . . . The Mussulman and the Hindoo have their teachers; the Christian has none! The Catholic clergyman is more required than the Protestant, because the Catholics are more dependent on their clergy for religious consolation than the Protestants are; and the Catholic soldier dies in great distress if he has not a clergyman to administer to him. Moreover, I have not the least doubt that a Catholic clergyman would have great influence in preventing drunkenness. But, exclusive of all other reasons, I can hardly believe that a Christian government will refuse his pastor to the soldier serving in a climate where death is so rife, and the buoyant spirit of man crushed by the debilitating effects of disease and heat. I cannot believe such a government will allow Mammon to cross the path of our Saviour,—to stand between the soldier and his God, and let his drooping mind thirst in vain for the support which his Church ought to afford." The volumes abound with views which have lately made the fortunes of writers on military subjects. Sir Charles Napier, we are afraid, will be a great extinguisher of originalities which have lately claimed the rights of a patent in matters of war. Take, as a specimen, part of an essay on officers written in 1813. It might be a paragraph of the *Times* correspondence from the seat of war. Speaking of the staff, he says:

"A French general sends officers of trust, aware of the importance of accuracy as to time and facts, to bear orders for combined movements; and their staff is selected for talents and experience united; not for their youth, ignorance, and imbecility, as in our army, displayed in vanity, impertinence, and blunders on all occasions. A French quartermaster-general is not distinguished by his dangling sabre-tache, High-Wycombe drawing-book, and fine ass's-skin, and ass's-head, with which he makes rapid sketches equally deficient in clearness and accuracy. Nor do French soldiers stand for hours unsheltered in a town, while the quartermasters-general are—taking care of themselves. That a proper staff is the hinge on which a general must turn his army, seems never to have been attended to by us."

The only thing we object to in these volumes is Sir William Napier's importunate and impertinent pleading for his brother's matchless superiority to all the world in all possible subjects. He was a master in

two arts—war and administration. Such high qualities do not require to be enforced by the blustering extravagance of a partisan.

*The Rules, Office, and Devotions of the Carmelite Confraternity, established in the Diocese of Salford.* By the Very Rev. Provost Croskell. Second Edition. (London, Richardson.) This is a comprehensive and beautiful book of devotions, and appears already to have attained a popularity which we think will last. If we must criticise, we think some of the translations of the hymns at the end the least excellent things in the book.

*Read me a Story; or, Stories for reading aloud to Little Children.* (London, Mozley.) This is, we suppose, a Protestant book; though, on a cursory examination, we have failed to discover any thing that we can blame. The stories seem to be both pretty and in their way interesting.

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## Correspondence.

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### “SACERDOS” AND “J. B. M.”

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—St. Thomas says, if I remember right, that a man is called *benignus, quia bono igne charitatis inflammatur*. I hope, as the day is a cold one, Sacerdos will not think me very flippant, irreverent, &c. &c. &c. if I poke this ‘good fire,’ and warm my fingers at it a bit before I take up my pen to answer him.

I have not the books at command which would be requisite in order to answer him fully; but I may as well tell him honestly at once, that he has not convinced me, and that I don’t expect that I shall convince him. It is quite plain that we look at certain things from points of view so extremely opposite, that I have not much chance of doing more than defending my own position in a manner to satisfy those who agree with me. However, as the object of his letter is to show that I am to that degree ignorant of the whole subject that I have no right to any opinion upon it, I might damage the good cause if I said nothing; so I shall venture to make such reply as I can to the charges either of ignorance or irreverence.

In the first place, I am not in the habit of writing things which I don’t mean; and at the close of my letter to you I expressed my opinion that you had better consult some etymologist to see if what I said was true. If Sacerdos is so full of diffidence as to salvo himself by saying he won’t be led into a controversy on the Sanscrit or other roots (and I most fully believe him), why should he not give me credit for a little diffidence too? Why represent me as so positive, when I said I was not? If he says to me, You are an irreverent ignoramus, why may I not say something just as saucy in reply?

In the next place, Sacerdos has evidently great faith in the Hebrew scholarship of St. Jerome, and some faith in that of the Septuagint. I have neither the one nor the other, and never had that I can remember. But then I think Almighty God can put before His Church that phase of revealed truth which He judges fit, without being obliged to lean upon grammatical accuracies and details of scholarship. Our Lord used probably the Chaldee Paraphrast in the synagogue; the Apos-



tles quote the Septuagint, and so did the ancient Church for three whole centuries ; and we use St. Jerome's version. I don't believe that any one of them at all deserves the name of a literal version ; but if the Church to my mind never has encouraged a literal version,—and I am under the impression that the Church, and not the Bible, is the pillar and ground of the truth,—why may not I think as meanly as I like of the Hebrew scholarship of Paraphrast, Septuagint, or St. Jerome? Sacerdos may have his Bible only if he likes, if he will be so good as to leave me entire faith in the Church.

Sacerdos must see, however, that with this radical difference of view between us, he has been shooting paste instead of shot at me ; I am dirtied but not hurt,—no, not even frightened. Moreover he must be aware that it would be impossible in a Review to state and explain and defend so radical a difference as this. If *he* can say he believes St. Jerome was a great Hebrew scholar, let him do so ; if he can show me that the Church requires me to believe it, I am perfectly ready at the shortest notice entirely to give up my private opinion on the matter ; but till he does, I should belie my whole literary existence if I said I held an opinion which I believe to be utterly untenable. St. Jerome is in heaven, and sees what I am writing : he maintained the *Hebraica veritas* in his day *contra mundum*. I am not a bit afraid that he will quarrel with a man for announcing his belief in an unpopular truth, the result of years of study. If Sacerdos can swallow St. Jerome's etymologies (for instance in the Ep. de Alphabeto Hebraico) without a laugh, it is more than I can do. He thinks I am flippant and irreverent ; I think him stiff and old-fashioned. He quotes the unbelieving Gesenius (for whose literary merits I have the highest respect) against me. I will quote M. Renan against him : “ Ni Origène ni St. Jérôme ne dépassèrent les Rabbins leurs maîtres ; et ce premier essai de philologie hébraïque chez les Chrétiens *ne fut qu'un reflet de celles des Juifs.*” *Histoire des Langues Sémitiques*, p. 159, Paris, 1855. This opinion I have held for years ; and I think Gesenius, in his *Gesch. der Heb. Sprache*, was of the same mind. However, it is many years since I read him ; but Renan, at all events, would think a quiz of a Jew might have taken in even St. Jerome. In fact, the accurate scholarship I am speaking of could not be gotten, without a miracle, by one man in one century, when he was the sole student of Hebrew in that century. A moment's reflection will show that such a thing has never been obtained except as the result of the lengthened labour of many and conflicting minds. It is better, therefore, to suppose St. Jerome overruled for God's purpose, than to suppose such a miracle as this. Surely one may believe the miracle of Pentecost, and yet be sceptical about St. Peter's Pamphilian scholarship ; and, *mutatis mutandis*, one may believe the trustworthiness of the Vulgate, and yet entirely discredit the possibility of St. Jerome's being an accurate Hebrew scholar.

But, to grapple with one or two particulars : I don't give up my view of Lamech ; but I cannot prove it, any more than Sacerdos can his. As for Samuel, I will say this much : If a woman called her son Axen, because she had *asked* him of the Lord, I don't think it would be of much use saying that there is no such participle as ‘Axen.’ Yet if the worthy Sacerdos will look at 1 Kings i. 20, he will find this is just what was done in Samuel's case. Samuel's mother knows he is *out* there, any way, bad taste as it may be to say so.

With the Cherubim argument I have dealt already by anticipation. Not having Gesenius at hand, and thinking he derived it from *carab*, ‘to plow,’ and supposed it originally meant an ox, I forgot that he had

mentioned the derivation which I invented. The word 'hrescoob' only occurs once, I believe, and that in Ps. civ. 3, Heb. (ciii. Vulgate), in a connection to favour my etymology.

As for the etymology of ὄφης, I got it from a Hebrew word, which word I said was connected with the idea of foaming. The etymology is that of the late Professor Lee, who was an excellent Arabic scholar. I did not say, I think, that the root as well as the word was Hebrew; and that in such a case I should have had no faith whatever in the Latin version of Osee x. 7, which never occurred to my mind, is, I trust, now unequivocally plain. But my object was to show that the root was a Semitic, not a Greek root,—whether Hebrew or Arabic was quite immaterial to that object; and in this Sacerdos has given me a helping hand, as I think many scholars now-a-days hold the opinion that Coptic (which I suppose Sacerdos means by Egyptian) was itself a Semitic language. I think this opinion is expressed by Professor Max Müller in his admirable book on the *Languages of the Seat of the War*, and can say positively that I have had a letter from a distinguished linguist stating that opinion a few weeks back. Renan, I am aware, is against this view.

Whether inflexion and inclination have more to do with wagging than with standing (ἔσσησε), Sacerdos may decide otherwise than I should. Welte, a Catholic commentator on the place (Job xl. 17, not xi. 10), and a well-known orientalist, says that "the crooking of his thick hard tail at will is regarded here as a sign of great power,"—*Das beliebige Krummen des dicken harten Schweifes wird als Zeichen grosser Kraft angesehen*. Tübingen, 1849. But I am one of those who think that all words in Semitic languages stick to a gross physical sense to the last, *i. e.* never thoroughly get rid of it, as other languages do. On which point I may refer to M. Renan as above, pp. 21-4; yet I think the crooking of a tail at will approaches pretty near to wagging it, after all,—nearer than the Vulgate "stringit," or the Septuagint ἔσσησε.

As for αἰών, I think my point quite proved if I have shown the existence of a similar Sanscrit word (whose termination, or crude form either, does not signify one atom to the question in point, by the way,) which means 'time.' The derivation from *i*, 'to go,' may be wrong; but I think it is the one Professor Wilson gives in his lexicon. Benfey (Gr. Wurzellexicon) puts it under another *i*. Sacerdos in one breath says it ought to mean *station*, and in the next suspects it comes from αἰω, 'spirare.' This is blowing hot and cold, methinks. Surely the glass I live in must be some of his own blowing! Can he be wroth with me for interfering with the stationariness of the stones?

I should not, then, be at all afraid of being tried by a jury of philologists as to the question, but not of course by one packed by Sacerdos. But he has failed as yet in convincing *me* that I am to *that extent* ignorant of the matter, that I have no right to an opinion upon it. And I have always found it answer to *own* my ignorance when I once can be got to see it; for I have learnt so much by never being ashamed of my ignorance, that I don't mind at all having it pointed out, if Sacerdos can do it. Perhaps, however, as he suggests, my knowledge puffeth me up. I will confess to him, that in writing to a learned friend the other day I was wicked enough to observe, that if St. Paul had only said ignorance puffeth up, I could have believed *that* without an act of faith. I am willing to be put on either horn of the sad dilemma into which it seems I have fallen.

And now for a word about my irreverence. I daresay Sacerdos has spent many, many more hours in laborious homage to the holy Fathers than ever I have done. My strength is not great; but I have devoted the

best, perhaps, of my days to them, and, so far as I can judge, love them ardently. If Sacerdos knew who I was, I think he would acknowledge my devotion to them. But I mention it only to show that I am not in the least daunted personally with the charge of irreverence, flippancy, bad taste, &c. &c. I am used to all that kind of thing, when people have little else to say. But, as the world goes, one cannot get it to attend to the existence even of cherished absurdities without good strong stirring epithets; so I forgive the epithets he bestows on me. Sacerdos may, for all I know, be more entitled to reprove *persons* than I am to jibe at *things*; which, as you have kindly pointed out, is all that I have done. I do not see how that which in the Fathers was only materially false is else than formally false now; and as Sacerdos has not convinced me that these are not falsities, I maintain that the saints in heaven are not to be worshipped by upholding them.

For St. Augustine I have as great a veneration as for any of the Fathers. Of St. Anastasius (*in arte suâ*) I have expressed my opinion already. Of Petavius, though personally much indebted to his great work, I must say he could give the Fathers harder cuffs than I ever did, when occasion offered. With Father Passaglia I quarrelled simply for perpetuating a now antiquated piece of nonsense; for so I still hold it to be. I will apologise for past irreverence, then, only by giving Sacerdos a little bit more. I will suppose him old enough to be my parent, and that some wicked boys had stuck on to his coat a great long ridiculous pigtail, wherewith he was marching with all the grace Lord Chesterfield could have taught him down some public street. Seeing my 'parent' made thus 'ridiculous' before the world, my flippant and irreverent spirit would prompt me to jerk the ornament out. The operation might unsettle his stateliness for a moment; but my filial intention would have been to enable him to proceed upon his way with greater decorum afterwards. But if, when he got home, he gave me a beating for my pains, Martin's Act against cruelty to animals would rise before my indignant soul. *Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur.*

Rather, O beloved parent, let us poke once more the *bonus ignis charitatis*; and when it has blazed up, endeavour to see each other's faces in a more pleasant light. Then, as you say I fall foul of every thing, if Mr. Rambler came in and interrupted our inchoate friendship, I would turn snappishly round on him, and complain of him for clapping my *theologia* into irons. I, ungracious being, had represented her as *male feriata*, dancing and taking her ease like the Trojans in one of Horace's Odes while the fatal horse was being introduced into the city. Then, turning to you, my dear old Trojan, I would say, "*Equo ne credite Teuceri*;" and I would resume our chat. Then begging your pardon, Mr. Rambler, for all the I's I have been guilty of, I would with a formal bow modestly profess myself, your obedient servant,

J. B. M.